

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 872.—16 February, 1861.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

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## THE PALSY OF THE HEART.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

I SEE the worlds of earth and sky,  
With beauty filled to overflow;  
My spirit lags behind the eye—  
I know, but feel not as I know :  
Those miracles of form and hue  
I can dissect with artist skill,  
But more than this I cannot do,—  
Enjoyment rests beyond the will.

Round me in rich profusion lie  
Nectareous fruits of ancient mind,  
The thoughts that have no power to die  
In golden poesy enshrined :  
And near me hang of later birth,  
Ripe clusters from the living tree,  
But what the pleasure, what the worth,  
If all is savorless to me !

I hear the subtle chords of sound,  
Entangled, loosed, and knit anew ;  
The music floats without—around—  
But will not enter and imbue :  
While harmonies diviner still,  
Sweet greetings, appellations dear,  
That used through every nerve to thrill,  
I often hear, and only hear.

Oh, dreadful thought ! if by God's grace  
To souls like mine there should be given  
That perfect presence of his face,  
Which, we, for want of words, call Heaven,—  
And unresponsive even there  
This heart of mine could still remain,  
And its intrinsic evil bear  
To realms that know no other pain.

Better down nature's scale to roll,  
Far as the base, unbreathing clod,  
Than rest a conscious reasoning soul,  
Impervious to the light of God :—  
Hateful the powers that but divine  
What we have lost beyond recall,  
The intellectual plummet-line  
That sounds the depths to which we fall.

## LONGINGS.

In manhood, in the full accomplished glory  
And ecstasy of life,  
Memories of the golden land of morning  
Haunt us in peace and strife ;

Vague visions of that fresh and happy season,  
The Paradise of youth,  
Where earth was one unfading summer land-  
scape,  
And love a blossomed truth.

The pipe of birds, awaking to the sunrise,  
Cool shadows on the lawn,  
The solemn mountains fired with eastern splen-  
dor,  
The pastoral calm of dawn ;

The shining quiet of the sabbath noon tide,  
The musical, fleet brooks,  
The evening rest and ever-welcome voices  
Of home returning rooks ;

The windy hands, that tapped the frosted case-  
ments

Through the December nights ;  
Earth ringed with darkness and, above, outshin-  
ing  
The still, celestial lights ;

Remembered echoes of heart-treasured voices,  
The blessing and the prayer,  
Gentle good-nights and tender parting kisses,  
And slumbers calm and rare ;

Return to us, with one dear recollection,  
Of a sweet mother's face,  
Bright with angelic blessedness and quiet,  
And fair domestic grace ;

Rise and return from forth the burial chambers  
Of the mysterious brain,  
Till the over-burdened heart and pining spirit  
Are faint with sense of pain.

Whence do you come, you unrequited Longings,  
From what remote gray shore,  
You, whose uplifted and remembered faces  
Look backward evermore ?

You who, from the unperceived horizon  
Forever round us cast,  
Summon to shadowy and brief existence  
The phantoms of the past.

In sunny fields or cloud-enveloped cities,  
Under the midnight skies ;  
Alone, or, with the crowded world communing,  
You look into my eyes.

Your gentle voices, tender with emotion,  
Rich with divine delight,  
Fall round me till I breathe and walk entranced,  
A spirit world of light.

Turn from the past, you unrequited Longings,  
Turn from that barren shore ;  
There are the graves of our departed kindred,  
But *they* are there no more.

Lift up your faces to the shining Future,  
Unto the better place,  
There shall we meet you in celestial beauty,  
Before the Father's face.

—*All the Year Round.*

## A PASSAGE IN A LIFE.

At morn, he was so happy ; and at night  
Heart-broken utterly—quite worn and gray.  
Upon the garden of his hopes a blight  
Had fall'n—a blight never to pass away.  
A few words turned his soul's peace into strife ;  
A brief sad tale—a passage in a life—  
Done in an hour's, told in a minute's, space ;  
But every word cut keenly as a knife,  
Carving deep lines of suffering on his face,  
And scoring bitter memories in his heart.  
He was a strong man mail-clad ; one whose part  
From childhood upwards it had been to bear ;  
But the great God—great God, how good thou  
art !—  
Knew where the weak spot was, and smote him  
there.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

GAELIC AND NORSE POPULAR TALES:  
AN APOLOGY FOR THE CELT.

BY THE EDITOR (MR. MASSON).

THERE are few greater pleasures, in these days, than to get hold of a really good book—a book not only thoroughly and conscientiously well done from beginning to end, but distinguished also by some peculiarity of subject, opening a fresh field of interest, and breaking a door for the reader into a realm of outlying knowledge. Such a pleasure was afforded to English readers some time ago by the publication of Dr. Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*;\* in which work one hardly knew whether to admire most the raciness and vigor with which the Tales were translated, or the mingled learning and eloquence of the Introductory Essay on Popular Tales in general. At this Christmas season persons who are still unacquainted with Dr. Dasent's work cannot do better than procure it. If they should desire a fit companion to it—a book closely similar in its kind of interest, and contributing a rich fund of new materials in the same direction of inquiry—it is at hand in Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, recently published by the same firm.†

Whether considered by itself or in relation to Dr. Dasent's, Mr. Campbell's work is one deserving more than ordinary recognition. The manner in which it has been prepared would alone distinguish it from most contemporary books. Reading Dr. Dasent's volume at the time of its first publication, Mr. Campbell, who is a Highland gentleman of the family of the Campbells of Islay, bethought him of old Gaelic tales, not unlike those Norse importations of Dr. Dasent, which he had heard in his boyhood from pipers and others about his father's house; and he resolved, if it were possible, to make a search through the West Highlands to see whether such tales still lingered anywhere in the memory of his Gaelic countrymen and countrywomen so as to be recoverable. To any one else than a Highland gentleman,

\* *Popular Tales from the Norse*. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Second Edition, enlarged. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1859.

† *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, orally collected; with a Translation. By J. F. Campbell. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860.

himself speaking Gaelic, the task would have been fruitless. The Highlanders are unusually shy in their communications on such matters, and evade them with a kind of shame—as if the Druidic reluctance to yield up their mysteries to writing still remained among them, and were all the stronger from an accompanying feeling that such things were now heathen, unedifying, and not approved of by the minister. Before Mr. Campbell's opportunities and perseverance, however, this difficulty vanished. By himself, or by his agents, he was able to discover, chiefly in the remote islands and promontories of the Scottish west, many persons who recollected Gaelic tales, which they had heard in their youth, and were still in the habit of telling—here an old fisherman, there a blind fiddler; here a drover, there a travelling tinker; with occasionally an old woman, who had never left her native spot, or an old female servant in some Highland household. From the lips of such persons, sometimes in rude native huts, sometimes in village inns, sometimes by the wayside, and sometimes in boats on Highland lochs, Mr. Campbell and his fellow-collectors heard the tales they had in store—frequently obtaining different versions of the same tale from narrators far separated from each other. Effective means were taken to secure the repetition of the tales so often, and in such a way, as to permit them to be set down in writing faithfully and exactly in the Gaelic in which they were told. It is of a selection of these tales—all thus orally collected since the beginning of 1859—that the present work consists. There are about sixty tales in all, longer or shorter. Each tale is scrupulously authenticated by the name of the teller, or some corresponding indication, the date when it was told, the name of the place where it was told, and the name of the collector who heard it and wrote it out. Of each tale Mr. Campbell gives us an English translation, which he vouches for as being not one of those abominable things known as “free versions,” “versions giving the spirit of the original,” etc., but a rendering as close and literal as he was able to make it; and to each he then appends the original Gaelic, together with a few notes explanatory and illustrative. To the whole is prefixed an introduction of considerable length, in which Dr. Dasent's views

and other doctrines of recent ethnology are applied to the Celtic races of these islands and their legends; and in the course of which there are many shrewd and suggestive remarks, and evidences of a rather singular genius and humor—whether of the native Highland chieftain, ill-repressed under his guise as an English author, or only of an educated mind tuned somewhat to strangeness by long dwelling in a strange Gaelic element. Altogether the book is a genuine and even remarkable one, possessing both a learned and popular interest. Some consciousness of this breaks through the modest half-apologetic terms in which the author speaks of it.

“Practical men may despise the tales, earnest men condemn them as lies, some even consider them wicked; one refused to write any more for a whole estate; my best friend says they are all ‘blethers.’ But one man’s rubbish may be another’s treasure, and what is the standard of value in such a pursuit as this?”

“And what are you going to do with them stories, Mr. Camal?” said a friend of mine, as he stood amongst the brown seaweed, at the end of a pier, on a fine summer’s evening, and watched my departure in a tiny boat. ‘Print them, man, to be sure.’ My friend is famous for his good stories, though they are of another kind, and he uses tobacco; he eyed me steadily for a moment, and then he disposed of the whole matter monosyllabically, but forcibly, ‘Huch!!’ It seemed to come from his heart.

“Said a Highland coachman to me one day, ‘The luggage is very heavy; I will not believe but there is stones in the portmanteaus! They will be pickin’ them off the road and takin’ them away with them; I have seen them myself.’ And then, having disposed of geology, he took a sapient pinch of snuff. So, a benighted Englishman, years ago in Australia, took up his quarters in a settler’s hut, as he told me. Other travellers came in, and one had found a stone in a dry river-course, which he maintained to be partly gold. The rest jeered at him till he threw away his prize in a pet; and then they all devoured mutton chops and damper, and slept like sensible men. So these tales may be gold or dross, according to taste. Many will despise them, but some may take an interest in the pastime of their humble countrymen; some may be amused; those who would learn Gaelic will find the language of the people who told the stories; and those who could compare popular tales of different races may rest assured that I have altered

nothing, that these really are what they purport to be—stories orally ‘collected in the West Highlands since the beginning of 1859.’ I have but carried drift rubbish from the place where I found it to a place where it may be seen and studied by those who care to take the trouble.”

Mr. Campbell’s work is calculated to give a fillip to scholarly curiosity in this country respecting the Celtic race in general, and the Gaelic branch of it in particular. There can be no doubt that of late the Celt has been at too great a discount in our literature. In virtue of the constant tendency of opinion on any subject to express itself in a few very absolute and emphatic propositions, which become blocks of established belief, the speculations in ethnology which have been going on for so many years have led, in this country at least, to a standing affirmation in certain quarters of the intellectual and historical worthlessness of the Celt. The wild hysterics of the Celt, his restlessness, his want of veracity, his want of the power of solid and persevering labor, his howling enthusiasm about nothings and his neglect of all that is substantial, the perpetual necessity of some stern alien discipline to keep him in order—these are every-day themes in our talk and our literature. On the other hand, the Saxon figures as the tip-top of present creation; and, by a further generalization so as to include the whole of his kin, all that has been good in the world since the fall of the Roman empire is represented as Gothic. Positively the thing has gone so far that it is not respectable any longer in certain quarters to be a Celt, and any one who is in it that unfortunate predicament has to go back in his pedigree for some Teutonic grandmother, or other female progenitor, through whom he may plead his blood as at least decent half and half. So, also, when the Scottish Highlanders are talked of, it is the habit to assert that, while the people are Celtic, all the chiefs are of Teutonic or Norman descent. Now the superiority of certain breeds of men to others is a fact which no one who has his eyes about him, or who knows any thing of history, can deny; nor, whether for speculative or for practical purposes, is there a more useful fact to carry about with one. Further, the historical superiority of the Gothic race, on the whole, to the Celtic—its more vast, more original,



more profound, and more enduring influence on the history of the world—is a fact which even Celtic patriotism would find it difficult to contest. Further still, many of the current descriptions of the Celtic character and temperament, in contrast with the Saxon, or, more generally, with the Germanic, are sufficiently accurate, and are verified by constant experience. But, with all this the Celt has a right to complain of the way in which, by too crude an application of certain ethnological views, the claims of his race have been lately dealt with. That doctrine of the intellectual and historical worthlessness of the Celt (for by many it is pushed even to this extreme) which he resents with the instinctive anger of his whole insulted being, which writhes his features to their darkest scowl, and to which, mouthed out too rudely in his presence, it might chance that the answer would be his dirk,—this very doctrine the candid Saxon himself ought to declare false, and disprove by his research. Most affirmations of this emphatic kind, after they have served a year or so in literature, lose whatever virtue they had, and require to be re-edited; and, while the doctrine of the worthlessness of the Celt will still be clung to by those who must have something to say and can't change their phrases, it is perhaps time that those who think for themselves should be trying to substitute for it a more exact appreciation of the Celtic influence in history. Materials for such an appreciation are not wanting, and Mr. Campbell's work may help as a stimulus to it.

Passing over the vague traditions of the primeval or very ancient migrations of the Celts, of their dashings hither and thither against the more consolidated populations of Southern Europe, and finally of their descent into Italy in that terrible hour when infant Rome was at their mercy, one may point out, as pertinent to the present inquiry, that the chance of the Celt in history preceded that of the Goth, and fell upon a time when the conditions were different from those which the Goth experienced. It was not the fate of the Celt to enter on the stage of history as a dominant or conquering race, carrying forward its own institutions and its own traditions, intact out of the past. When the Celtic populations and their religion of Druidism first fairly present themselves to the historic student, they are already ab-

sorbed, all but a few outlying bits, within the body of the Roman empire, and are struggling, with fainter and fainter efforts, in the meshes of the Roman system. The Latin tongue, the Latin laws, and Latin habits overspread them; and Celtic Druidism dies out, leaving no such native record of itself, as has remained of the Scandinavian mythology of the sons of Odin. For three or four centuries, whatever of Celtic activity, whatever manifestation of Celtic genius, was possible, whether in Gaul or in Britain, was necessarily such as might consist with the state of these countries as part and parcel of the Roman empire. In such circumstances how did the Celtic mind acquit itself? By no means ill. Not to speak of those men and women, named and nameless, who died in doing what all account it creditable in a race to have had men and women capable of doing—those Gaulish and British chiefs and chieftainesses who resisted Cæsar and Agricola—is it not a fact known to scholars, that, when the Gauls were once fairly subjects of Rome, they learnt so fast, and took so cleverly to the new tongue and the new civilization, that many of the eminent soldiers, rhetoricians, actors, and even writers who figure in the lists of the later empire under the general name of Romans, were in reality Cisalpine or Transalpine Celts? Even from Britain itself was there not some similar small contribution of native talent to the general stock of the empire of which it was a province? At all events, when Christianity possessed the empire, and there was added everywhere to the exercises of mind and of heart which had been formerly possible for the provincials, the new exercise afforded by theology and ecclesiastical business, Britain, as well as Gaul, performed a competent part. Names here abound; but pre-eminent among them, as that of at least one British-born Celt whose influence ran round the margin of the Mediterranean and agitated the Roman empire, while as yet the empire survived, is the name of the heresiarch Pelagius. In that "British heresy," concerning freewill and necessity, which roused in opposition to it even the distant orthodoxy of Africa, and the continuation of which may be traced throughout the subsequent theology of Europe, till even in our own day the charges of Pelagianism and semi-Pelagianism are bandied about, the Celtic genius

signalled first, as it has exhibited so often since, its capacity for systematic speculation.

But anon the scene changes. The Roman empire is no more. The inbreaking Goth, split into a thousand streams, disintegrates by his advances the fabric of Roman society; and over Western Europe new rudimentary states are rising on its ruins. Is the Celtic influence then extinct? Can no strokes and results of important action then be discerned which are indubitably Celtic? Not so. Allowing to the full for the Frankish and other Teutonic effects on Gaul, do we not discern in modern France, and in all that France has been among the nations, the re-assertion—nay, to some extent, the dominance—of the Latino-Celtic genius? Shall we, when we want to satirize the French—to express our dislike of their restlessness, their mobility, their alternate frenzies of revolution and subjections to military despotism—account for it all by naming them Celts off-hand; and yet, when we are in another mood with them, and think more of all that France has done that is spirit-stirring and splendid, shall we recant the name, or forget that we used it? It does not seem fair. An analysis backward of French activity into the ingredients severally derived from the races that compose the French population, might indeed be a difficult problem; but, on any analysis, the career of France—and that certainly is no little thing in the history of the world—would have to be admitted as, in great part, a Celtic phenomenon.

But turn we to our own Celts of Britain and Ireland. Let the struggles of the Romanized Britons in the south, of the Picts and Scots in the north, against the invading Angles, Saxons, and Norsemen, pass as things inconsequential in history, mere footing-ground for poetic myths; let the bulk of the island be handed over to these Angles, Saxons, and Norsemen, as by the right of might and fitness its proper lords; let it be to them, and not to the Celts, that we look back with pride as our ancestors, as the founders of our national system—still, all this supposed, is our quest of further Celtic influence a mere beggarly search of empty boxes, a fool's errand through dirt and turbulence and mist? Unless we shut our eyes, by no means so! What, for example, of the Celtic missionaries from Wales, from

Scotland, from Ireland, who co-operated in the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons? What of the struggles of these missionaries to maintain for the whole Island a purer faith, and a more free ecclesiastical system, than Augustine and the agents of Rome brought with them across the Channel? There is a period in our national history—that between the withdrawal of the Roman legions and the full establishment of the Anglo-Saxon power—during which the educated Celtic mind, in the persons of Irish and Scotch-Irish saints and ecclesiastics, exerted itself to an extent, and in a manner, not yet sufficiently recognized. Nay, more, when we pass beyond this period, and draw out a list of the more eminent intellectual natives of this land during the Anglo-Saxon period properly so called—those, at all events, who distinguished themselves as writers in the then universal Latin—it will be found that at least as many were, certainly or presumably, of the subject Celtic race as of the dominant Anglo-Saxon. It is worthy of remark, too, that, if these Celtic writers are compared with their Anglo-Saxon contemporaries in respect of the nature of their works, the aptitude for systematic thought, rather than for mere historic compilation or mere ethical and practical discourse, will be found to have been still characteristic of the Celtic intellect. If the Anglo-Saxons can adduce as perhaps all in all their foremost literary name in this period that of the Venerable Bede, and if it is disputed whether Aleuin, the famous intellectual vizier of Charlemagne, was a British Celt or a British Saxon, the Celts can, at all events, claim as their own the most illustrious European *thinker* of this period, the forerunner and father of the schoolmen—Joannes Scotus Erigena.

We talk fondly of the Anglo-Saxons as the fathers of all that is good and stalwart in us; but it is very questionable whether this country would ever have been one tithe of what it has been in the world, politically or intellectually, but for the Norman Conquest. No one can study English history before and after that event without perceiving the immense change which it wrought, the extraordinary stimulus which it communicated. It is like the infusion of a new supply of the most electric nerve into what had formerly been a somewhat sluggish body

of large thew and bone. Now, there is fair room for an investigation whether and to what extent, in that process which transmuted the Scandinavian colony of Norsemen into the French-speaking Normans as they came among us—light and yet strong, flashing and yet persevering—the combination of Celtic blood with Norse may have contributed. But, let the Normans be voted, as is usually done, pure Norsemen who had but changed their language, is the recognizable Celtic element of the mixed population of which they became masters of no further account in the land during the period of their mastery—the so-called Anglo-Norman period? In answer to this, if the realm of literature is still chiefly attended to, it would be possible not only to pick out, in the list of those writers in the Anglo-Norman period who used the common Latin, Celts intermingled with Normans and Anglo-Saxons, and exhibiting the Celtic tendency to speculation qualifying the mainly ethical tendency of the Saxon mind and the mainly narrative tendency of the Norman, but also, extending our view beyond the common Latin to the three vernacular tongues which then divided with it the total literature of these islands, to produce Celtic authors—Irish annalists, Welsh poets, and the like—not unworthy of note by the side of the Anglo-Norman *trouvères* and the first rude practitioners of English. Above all, one might point to that extraordinary body of Welsh and Armorican legend—embracing in its totality the mythical foreworld of these islands from Brut the Trojan to Arthur and his knights inclusive—which, conveyed into general circulation through Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin, and elaborated and shaped by early Norman and English minstrels, has been a permanent inheritance in our own and in all European literature, an inspiration and exhaustless magazine of subjects for our Spensers, our Shakspeares, our Miltons, and our Tennysons. Through much of our greatest poetry, when the melody is listened for through the harmony, there is heard the strain of the old British harp.

In pursuing the inquiry down to our own times, it divides itself more obviously into two branches—the investigation of Celtic influence as operating more latently in the mixed populations of these islands, known as English and Scotch; and the investiga-

tion of the same influence as exerted in or from the portions of the country where the purest remains of the Celtic race are shut up—Wales, the Scottish Highlands, and Erse-speaking Ireland.

The difficulties of the former investigation are so great that it is never made. As no one can tell who among us of the mixed populations is more Celt and who more Saxon—as we meet every day the most sturdy Saxon-looking and Saxon-thinking fellows, who have Celtic names, and, *vice versa*, dark little Celtic-looking men, who have Norse or Saxon names—so, in the general sea of English and Scottish thought and doings during the last three or four hundred years, it is impossible to discriminate what may have been Celtic. The Celt surely exists among us, though submerged. For the credit of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers it is to be assumed that they did not murder out all the Celts in England and the Scottish Lowlands, when they took possession—at least, not the women, though they may have sent their spouses packing to the hills. Now, is nothing to go to the credit of the submerged Celt? An industrious partisan of that race might collect hints and reasons to the contrary. A writer with whom I and the readers of this magazine are acquainted has done justice, in a way that the world has recognized, to the virtues and claims of the Saxon family of the Browns. "For centuries," he says, "in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, these stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work. With the yew-bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt—with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby—with culverin and demiculverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with hand-grenade and sabre, and musket and bayonet, under Rodney and St. Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington—they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them; and little praise or pudding, which indeed they and most of us are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs and such

like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but these noble families would be somewhat astonished—if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns." Well said for the Browns! But will nobody take up the cudgels for the Joneses, or the Hugheses, for example! The Joneses outnumber the Browns, and even the Smiths, I believe, in the London Directory; and something might be made out of that. Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson are the four popular types of English wandering and hard English work—one of them a Celt, it will be perceived, but not one of them a Norman. Is the proportion, and is the omission significant? Who knows? But, if Jones is taken to represent the submerged Celt in our national constitution, though it would be as difficult to calculate the influence of the submerged Celt in the national character and career, as it would be to calculate the activity of the Joneses of the last three centuries in relation to the Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons, yet the admission of *some* influence cannot be avoided. Historical generalizations, a little vague and rash perhaps, might even be made, indicating the nature of the influence. What, for example, if something of that difference which has distinguished and still distinguishes the national character of the Scotch from that of the English should depend on the fact that the mixture called Scotch consists more of a union of the Scandinavian or Norse variety of the Gothic with the Gaelic variety of the Celtic; and the mixture called English, more of a union of the Saxon variety of the Gothic with the Cambrian or British variety of the Celtic? Again, it might be averred, with some backing of evidence, that much of the peculiar history of Scotland, especially in relation to England, from the Norman Conquest downwards, might be construed as the activity of Saxons and Normans coming in aid of a Celtic sentiment—a Celtic tradition of nationality—which inhered in the very region they occupied, and making good that sentiment and that tradition against their southern kinsmen. The standard which the Teutonic or Norman Wallace bore against Edward Longshanks, and which the English-born Bruce

bore against his successor, might have had a Celtic blazon.

What the Celt has done in and from the portions of these islands in which he has been more peculiarly cooped up, is more appreciable than what he has done in his submerged capacity as Jones of the London Directory.

In respect of what he has done *in* those regions, there is certainly a sad side to the story. Rich green Welsh valleys, with broken wheels, tin pans, bits of crockery, and every slatternly thing tumbled through them, and the most illiterate form of Methodism for the spiritual rule and exercise of their natives; large tracts of fertile and picturesque Ireland wretched and restless, a confusion of mud cabins and dilapidated villages, more wildly under the sway of the priests than any other spot of Roman Catholic Europe; the beautiful Scottish Highlands, save where tracks of comfort have been carved through them for the tourists, still fastnesses of native laziness and squalor, equally under the *régime* of that zealous Ultra-Calvinism which has penetrated into them and possessed them, as in the days when the Presbyterian Lowlands regarded them as popish and heathen—these are the pictures uniformly given us of the still Celtic portions of our islands. It is, indeed, with reference mainly to such contemporary descriptions of the Celt at home that there has grown up the doctrine of the worthlessness of the Celt; and the accompanying assertion generally is that, not till the Saxon has taken possession of these regions with his energy and capital, will they be brought up to the mark. There might here, of course, be a discussion, in behalf of the Celt, how much of his backwardness in his native regions may have been owing to insurmountable conditions, geographical and political. Coop up a race apart, it may be said, in a region of hills, and that accumulation of capital which is the necessary agent in all material progress, cannot so easily take place as might be thought—capital must come into it from the flat lands. With the faith which we have, however, that man may almost anywhere be master of his conditions if the proper stuff is in him, this kind of argument, though it may apply in part, will be of less avail on the whole than the testi-

mony borne by those who have known and studied the Celt at home to the many interesting and even noble qualities observable in him, despite circumstances so unpromising to the Saxon. Of Irish wit, brilliant sociability, inquisitiveness, and readiness in all kinds of intellectual acquisition, even the most difficult, we have evidence on every hand. To the good qualities of the Welsh a long line of literary witnesses may be challenged, beginning with Shakspeare—who evidently loved the Welsh while he quizzed them; for there is no Welshman in his plays but is a right good fellow, with all his pepperiness, and capable of turning the tables against any swaggering Pistol that offends him. And that the virtues with which Scott invested the Scottish Gael in his poems and novels were not the mere strong colors of the artist, studying picturesque effect, but a deliberate rendering of his own intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic character, rests on his own assurance. To Scott's high tribute throughout his works to the character of the Scottish Highlanders, others might be added—such as the testimony of school-inspectors to the aptitude of the Highland children for learning, or Hugh Miller's more emphatic testimony in behalf of those Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire men with whom he had mingled. In relation to the very matter already mentioned of the backwardness of the Highlanders in material respects, their aversion to change, their contentedness with their poor shielings which a Saxon would have scorned, Hugh Miller's testimony was that he had known the inhabitants of these shielings better than most people, and that, with all the poverty of their environment, they were, as strongly as he could phrase it, a race of *men*.

Corresponding with these accounts of the Celt in his native regions is the impression derived from the retrospect of their activity as manifested *from* these regions. True, this activity has consisted, in great part, in fitful bursts athwart and against the general current of British policy, so that again and again the Saxon has had to wrestle to his ends with the Celt clinging round his neck. But is there nothing considerable on the other side in the very desperateness with which the Celt has maintained this chronic, though unavailing, struggle? Can it be that that is altogether a paltry race, which

has dashed across the equable course of British domestic history, during the last hundred and fifty years, almost the only events charged with the elements of collective daring and romance—those Jacobite Rebellions and the like, which yet fascinate our memory, and to which our novelists and dramatists go back, as by instinct, when they seek for subjects? And then, the splendid, and more satisfactory, story of Celtic activity in co-operation with the Saxon, in the service of that imperial unity which includes them both! Since the day when Chatham, among his other feats of statesmanship, showed how the Celt might be reconciled and utilized, there has not been a single military enterprise of Britain in which Celtic courage has not performed a part, not a single extension of the empire to which Celtic blood and Celtic talent have not contributed. From the wars of last century down to that of the Crimea and to those eastern wars which now engage us, the deeds of Irish, Welsh, and Highland regiments in the field of battle have been chronicled with generous admiration by their English comrades, till these regiments have become, in a manner, pets with the British public. But, indeed, those who are least partial to the Celtic race have never denied to it the possession, in a signal degree, of the military virtues. Perhaps it is because it has been easier to observe the Celt so acting, side by side with the Saxon, in distinct masses on the battle-field, than to trace him individually in his dispersed state through civil society beyond his native precincts, that proportionate justice has not been done to his abilities and success in other walks than the military. In addition, however, to what might be claimed for the Celt in virtue of the influence (scarcely calculable) of what we called the submerged Celtic element in the national constitution—represented in the Joneses and others who have been mixed with us from time immemorial, and whose Celtic descent is concealed and nullified by length of time—something might be claimed (and I hand over the fuller prosecution of the claim to some one who, as a Celt himself, may be more interested in it) in virtue of the numerous instances that could be pointed out of Celts, fresh and unsophisticated from their native regions, or removed from them by so short



an interval as still to be traceable as Celtic particles in surrounding society, who have attained eminence in that society, and, in competition with others, emerged well. We would hardly advise a Welshman, at this time of day, to claim Oliver Cromwell as his countryman. Yet he certainly was a kinsman of the Welsh Williamses, to whom Bacon's predecessor on the woolsack, the famous Bishop Williams, belonged; and, in youth, more than once he signed his name "Oliver Williams." But what of the numberless Lloyds, Llewellyns, Prices, etc., whose names diversify the directories of all our towns, and many of whom appear in prominent enough positions? I do not know how it is to be explained, but I have myself observed that an unusual proportion of eminent actuaries and others connected with the businesses of life-insurance and banking in this country, have been Welshmen. So, the Scottish-Highland names at present eminent in the world of British commerce, from Glasgow southwards, would make a pretty long list; to which, pursuing the traces of the Scottish Celt in another and more special direction, one might add some literary names, ending with Mackintosh and Macaulay. If, to some extent, the preference of the Irish Celt for a career of opposition to the Saxon has made his career in co-operative rivalry with him less satisfactory, we can at least point to such facts as the remarkable success of native Irish students in the recent Civil Service competitions, and the large amount of native Irish talent in connection with the London press and the English bar, as proving the co-operative capacity of the Irish Celt also, when the right way is open to him, and he chooses to take it. Finally, as if to prove that there is some truth in the theory that the British Celt at home has been kept back by the too great stringency of his conditions, there is the phenomenon of Celtic success abroad—of the prosperity of the Celt, and the rapid development of new energies in his character, in those American and Australian fields over which he has begun to expatiate. That the Irish Celt in the colonies and in the United States should retain so much of the anti-Saxon sentiment is to be accounted for by the circumstances in which he has parted with us here at home; but this, though we may anticipate its reaction upon

ourselves should not prevent us from hearing of his success with sympathy and pleasure.

Although it so chanced that, of all the three remaining fragments of the Celtic race in these islands (*four*, if we include the Manx), the Scottish Gael has the lion's share of popular interest, this is owing rather to what has been done for his literary representation and recommendation by the genius of Scott and others than to any recognition of him through the medium of native literary relics. Welsh bards are more than mere shadows to the student of our literary history; Irish annalists have been heard of with respect; but of printed or manuscript remains of the Scottish Gael the rumor has been of the faintest. Since the days of the Ossian controversy, indeed, it has been as much as a man's character for sanity was worth to talk of such things. The rough horse criticism which trampled out Macpherson's pretensions in respect of the special Ossian poems had trampled out also all belief in the possible existence of any old Gaelic legends or poems whatever. Of late, however, a suspicion has crept in that the horse-critics were too summary in their treatment of the question. Arguing from a kind of *a priori* principle that every race *must* have its poems and legends, people have been disposed to believe in the existence of Gaelic poems and legends, still perhaps recoverable, some of which might throw new light on the Ossian controversy. Actual search, it seems, has confirmed the belief. Mr. Campbell's opinion on this point will be received with attention.

"I believe that there were poems of very old date, of which a few fragments still exist in Scotland as pure traditions. That these related to Celtic worthies who were popular heroes before the Celts came from Ireland, and answer to Arthur and his knights elsewhere. That the same personages have figured in poems composed, or altered, or improved by bards who lived in Scotland, and by Irish bards of all periods; and that these personages have been mythical heroes amongst the Celts from the earliest of times. That 'the poems' were orally collected by Macpherson and by men before him, by Dr. Smith, by the Committee of the Highland Society, and by others; and that the printed Gaelic is old poetry, mended, and patched, and pieced together, but on the whole a genuine work. Manuscript evidence of the



antiquity of similar Gaelic poems exists. . . . Macpherson's 'translation' appeared between 1760 and 1762, and the controversy raged from the beginning and is growling still; but the dispute now is whether the poems were originally *Scotch* or *Irish*, and how much Macpherson altered them. It is like the quarrel about the chameleon; for the languages spoken in Islay and Rathlin are identical, and the language of the poems is difficult for me, though I have *spoken* Gaelic from my childhood. There is no doubt at all that Gaelic poems on such subjects existed long before Macpherson was born; and it is equally certain that there is no composition in the Gaelic language which bears the smallest resemblance in style to the peculiar kind of prose in which it pleased Macpherson to translate. . . . The illiterate [Gael] seem to have no opinion on the subject. So far as I could ascertain, few had heard of the controversy; but they had all heard scraps of stories about the Finne, all their lives; and they are content to believe that 'Ossian, the last of the Finne,' composed the poems, wrote them, and burned his book in a peat, because St. Patrick, or St. Paul, or some other saint would not believe his wonderful stories.\*

It is not, however, of such Ossianic legends or traditions of the Finne that Mr. Campbell's present collection mainly consists, but of more miscellaneous popular tales, still current in the West Highlands, where, when there is a good teller present, they are listened to by young and old through whole winter nights. Their character is indicated by the titles prefixed to them—"The Young King of Easaidh Ruadh," "The Battle of the Birds," "The Sea-Maiden," "Conal Cra Bhuidhe," "Conal Crovi," "The Brown Bear of the Green Glen," "The Daughter of the Skies," "The Girl and the Dead Man," "The King of Lochlann's Three Daughters," "The Slim, Swarthy Champion," "The Shifty Lad," "The Smith and the Fairies," "The Queen who sought a drink from a certain Well," "The Origin of Loch Ness," "The Three Widows," "The Sharp Gray Sheep," etc., etc. As these titles will suggest, the tales are, as nearly as possible, the Gaelic counterparts of Dr. Dasent's Norse translations—exactly the

same kinds of stories about kings' sons and daughters, younger and elder brothers, giants, fairies, enchantments, magic horses, talking beasts and birds, miraculous swords, golden apples, etc., as compose Dr. Dasent's volume; with this difference, that there the manner of thinking, the tone, the color, the whole air and scenery, are Norse, whereas here they are Gaelic. On the whole, as tales—whether because here we have what came first to the net in a water net previously fished, whereas in Dr. Dasent's volume we have the picked specimens of the Norse stories—the contents of the book are not equal to those of Dr. Dasent's. The Gaelic tales want the breadth, the hearty humor, the open freshness of their Norse counterparts; in reading which we seem to be among the fair-haired Scandinavians, free and ruddy under their cold blue skies. These are more narrow, concentrated, sly, and sombre, as of a people living in glens, and by the lips of dark deep lochs, though with woods and mountains of heather and fair green spots all round and at hand. For mere pleasure a grown-up reader will go through fewer of Mr. Campbell's than of Dr. Dasent's stories continuously—finding them, after one or two specimens, of a more puerile order of interest, with fewer of those strokes of really new invention, and those gleams of shrewd significance for the intellect, which are necessary to lure most grown-up readers through stories of the kind. But some of the stories are really good as stories; most of them would be favorites with children, if told or read to them well at the fireside; the element in all is poetical; and not unfrequently there are situations and fancies full of suggestion, which the cultured ideality of a poet like Tennyson might effectively appropriate and develop. What Mr. Campbell says of the ethical spirit of the tales is also worthy of notice. "Amidst curious rubbish," he says, in his dedication of the tales to the young Marquis of Lorne, "you will find sound sense if you look for it. You will find the creed of the people, as shown in their stories, to be, that wisdom and courage, though weak, may overcome strength and ignorance and pride; that the most despised is often the most worthy; that small beginnings lead to great results. You will find perseverance, frugality and filial piety rewarded; pride, greed, and laziness

\* See a Skye version of the legend of Ossian and his poems, as told by Mr. Alexander Smith, in his paper "In a Skye Bothie," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for December, 1859. It may be compared with a version given in one of the stories in Mr. Campbell's collection.

ness punished. You will find much that tells of barbarous times; I hope you will find nothing that can hurt or should offend." On the whole, the book, as a book of stories, is of a kind to be welcome in all households at this Christmas season; at which season, by immemorial custom, fairies, giants, and all the supernatural beings of the extinct mythologies—whether those that flutter beneficent in the air above us, or that moan imprisoned in the midnight blast, or that haunt our knolls and woodlands, or that dwell hideous in pools and caves, or that tenant the depths of Tartarus and clank, far underground, their white-hot chains—revisit our pitying gaze, and whirl once more through the thoughts of men. For, according to the poet, is not this season the anniversary of their banishment and doom? In that hour of wonder when the star which led the Magi stood still over the Judæan hut, what consternation, he says, among the old mythologies! The oracles were dumb; Apollo fled from his shrine; the nymphs were heard weeping on the mountains; conscious of a greater power near, Peor, Baalim, and all the false gods of the east, forsook their temples.

"So, when the Sun in bed,  
Curtailed with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the Infernal Jai;  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;  
And the yellow-skirted Fays  
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their moon-  
loved maze."

The old theological theory, here so poetically expressed, that the supernatural beings of the popular belief still do actually roam the universe as real existences, and are the cashiered and degraded gods of the extinct mythologies, is, as all are aware, no longer in fashion. And here, had we space, we might consider Mr. Campbell's work in a third aspect—not only as an interesting illustration of the Gaelic character and mode of thinking, and a collection of stories readable on their own account; but also as a contribution to the science of mythology, or to that branch of it which Mr. Campbell—in order, we suppose, to distinguish between tales of the ordinary kind and religious legends—calls, somewhat uncouthly, "the science of storyology." Referring, however, to Dr. Dasent's essay for a full statement of the doctrine now offered by authorities in this science, we can but indicate its nature.

The fact upon which the inquirers lay stress, and which is the starting-point of their inquiries, is the *ubiquity* of certain legends or types of legend. A tale which is

found among the Gaels of Scotland is found also among their Celtic kinsmen of Britain or the Continent; and not only amongst them, but amongst the Gothic peoples also; and not only amongst them, but amongst the Slavonians also; and not only amongst them, but also in India and the East generally. Nay, the same tale may be traced back in time, till it is found amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, or the primeval Orientals. Fables which we read in ancient Sanscrit books, in The Arabian Night's Entertainments, in the Greek *Æsop*, in Latin authors, in Boccaccio, in the Countess D'Aulnoy's French collection, etc., turn up at the present day, as still current, under various disguises, among the illiterate peasantry in remote European districts. The number of such instances of the ubiquity of legends, of their universality in all times and in all tongues, is so great as to press for some hypothesis to account for it. First there presents itself the obvious hypothesis of intercommunication—the hypothesis that a striking or significant tale, originating in one spot or country, has radiated gradually from that spot or country, taking on changes, till some form of it is found everywhere. This hypothesis, however, the authorities dismiss, as not adequate to the facts which they profess to bring forward. There are cases, they say, where the same fable crops out at points of time and space so far apart as to make intercommunication, direct or circuitous, inconceivable. Equally they set aside the hypothesis of coincident imagination. There remains, therefore, the theory of historical ramification. This is the theory actually adopted. The tales and legends which we find common among the Celtic, the Gothic, the Slavonian, the Latin, and the Greek nations of the present Europe, and which we find also among the Indians, are, as it were, the water-rolled drift which has come down traditionally among these nations, through their several channels, from that primeval and pre-historic time when as yet they had not disengaged themselves from the great Aryan or Indo-European mass to which they are traced back also by the evidence of common vocables in their several languages! Nay, just as a profound philology detects latent identities between the Indo-European family of tongues and the Semitic or the Mongolian, so a profound mythology will not despair of finding traces of legend carrying us back beyond the grand Aryan disentanglement to a still earlier, and more inscrutable, period. For the arguments on behalf of this startling conclusion—to which, we think, there are objections deserving consideration—we must again refer to the works before us.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A GOOD LISTENER.

INCOMPARABLE Miss Austen (incomparable, at least, within her own home circle of art) describes one of her heroines at the assembly-rooms, "enjoying her usual happiness with Henry Tilney, listening with sparkling eyes to every thing he said; and, in finding him irresistible, becoming so herself." \* She was such a good listener! We are previously told of Catherine, that, while she lamented her deficiencies, she did not know her own advantages—did not know that a good-looking girl with an affectionate heart, and a very ignorant mind, cannot fail of attracting a clever young man, unless circumstances are peculiarly unwonted: "she confessed and lamented her want of knowledge; declared she would give any thing in the world to be able to draw; and a lecture on the picturesque immediately followed, in which his [Henry Tilney] instructions were so clear that she soon began to see beauty in every thing admired by him; and her attention was so earnest, that he became perfectly satisfied of her having a great deal of natural taste." † She was such a good listener! And that is a quality in the auditor which wins wonderfully on the heart of the discourses. Your air of deferential attention charms me. I am sure you must be an extra judicious person, of fine natural gifts, and exquisite good sense, to appreciate my harangue in so proper a manner. You lose not a syllable I utter; you are evidently struck by every monosyllable; and in short—I find you irresistible.

Yorick had been misrepresented (modestly, he says) to Madame de Q\*\*\* as an *esprit*;—on his arrival in Paris, in the course of his Sentimental Journey, Madame de Q\*\*\*, who was an *esprit* herself, burnt with impatience to see him, and hear him talk. "I had not taken my seat before I saw she did not care a sou whether I had wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced she had—I call Heaven to witness I never once opened the door of my lips.

"Madame de Q\*\*\* vowed to every creature she met, 'She never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life.'" ‡

\* Northanger Abbey, ch. xvi.

† Ibid., ch. xiv.

‡ Sterne, AS entimental Journey.

Dr. Johnson, one evening, gratified a dinner party at Dr. Taylor's, with a portrait, in what Boswell calls "his happy discriminative manner," of "the late Mr. Fitzherbert of Derbyshire." "There was (said he) no sparkle, no brilliancy in Fitzherbert; but I never knew a man who was so generally acceptable. He made everybody quite easy, overpowered nobody by the superiority of his talents, made no man think worse of himself by being his rival, *seemed always to listen*, did not oblige you to hear much from him, and did not oppose what you said." \* The doctor himself was anything but enamored of this kind of personage. He liked a good listener as well as anybody, and was apparently in good humor to-night, under the combined auspices of good fare and a deal of good listening—for we are expressly informed that the company here assembled was composed of "good civil gentlemen, who seemed to understand Dr. Johnson very well, and not to consider him in the light that a certain person did, who being struck, or rather stunned, by his voice and manner, when he was afterwards asked what he thought of him, answered, 'He's a tremendous companion.'" † Attention the doctor must have—or know the reason why, and that in double-quick time. But he would have his fling, too, at your mere good listeners, and let the world know what he thought of them merely as such. One of his Essays is concerned with people whose great object is to please; and after discussing the "good-natured man," who, while the glass continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expense of uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance,—our Essayist next advances, or rather descends, to what he styles the "modest man," a companion of a yet lower rank, whose only power of giving pleasure is not to interrupt it. "The modest man satisfies himself with peaceful silence, which all his companions are candid enough to consider as proceeding not from inability to speak, but willingness to hear." ‡ He is a thorough good listener; argal, a jolly good fellow, which nobody must deny.

At the same time, Johnson rated high the faculty, or grace, or moral habit, of listening well, on the part of a man of intellect and

\* Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1777.

† Ibid.

‡ The Rambler, No. 188.

real conversational power. He would have thought better of Burke, had Burke been a better listener, and not the less so splendid a talker. "What I most envy Burke for," he once remarked, at an Edinburgh dinner, "is his being constantly the same. He is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off." Boswell here interposed; "Yet he can listen." "No," cried Johnson, "I cannot say he is as good as that. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end."\* What kind of listener Burke made to Johnson, and Johnson to Burke, it almost puzzles one to conceive. Two such inexhaustible discourses, and two such incompetent listeners. But there was mutual admiration and respect—and each, at times, would so excel himself, that the other could not but listen, and, for the time, desire nothing better than to listen on and on.

Boswell plaintively assures Temple, in one of his early epistles from London, that "the want of your conversation, and the want of one who could patiently hear mine, is no small want."† Boswell proved his almost divine right to be accounted prince of good listeners, when he had stalwart Samuel to give heed to; but he liked to be heard in turn—and would be, if dash and perseverance could carry the day. M. Pontmartin has said of a distinguished French author, who figured in the first rank of *interlocuteurs attentifs*, that, when in company with his friends, young and old, Lemercier, Ducis, Chénier, Andrieux, David, he listened "de toutes ses oreilles d'homme d'esprit; et l'on sait que moins les oreilles sont longues, mieux elles écoutent."‡ If Boswell was really the long-eared creature some account him, he must be taken for a signal exception to M. Pontmartin's rule.

Epaminondas, among the worthies of antiquity, is immortalized in history's page not only as a consummate soldier, but a first-rate listener. His patience as a listener, says Mr. Grote, and his indifference to showy talk on his own account, were so remarkable, that Spintharus (the father of Aristox-

enus), after numerous conversations with him, affirmed that he had never met with any one who understood more or talked less.\* Nor did such reserve, the historian adds, proceed from any want of ready powers of expression: on the contrary, the eloquence of Epaminondas, when he entered upon his public career, was shown to be not merely pre-eminent among Thebans, but effective even against the best Athenian opponents. "But his disposition was essentially modest and unambitious, combined with a strong intellectual curiosity and a great capacity; a rare combination amidst a race usually erring on the side of forwardness and self-esteem." His natural modesty made him obligingly ready, and his curiosity made him sincerely eager, to listen. He was one of those, who carry out, in social intercourse, the principle that "conversation is but carving," and that, in either case, the host should

"Give no more to every guest  
Then he's able to digest."

and should practice to the best of his ability, the concomitant doctrine (especially the closing couplet),—

"Give him always of the prime,  
And but little at a time;  
Carve to all but just enough,  
Let them neither starve nor stuff;  
And that you may have your due,  
Let your neighbors carve for you."‡

La Rochefoucauld's reflections on the art of conversation open with the monition, that the reason why so few persons make themselves agreeable in that art, or rather practice, is, that every one is thinking more of what he intends saying himself, than of what others are saying: he is preparing for his own display, not heeding his friend's performance; he wants to begin, himself, and only wishes the other would cease all that babble of words, words, words. *Néanmoins il est nécessaire d'écouter ceux qui parlent.* You must give them time to make themselves understood, says the philosophic duke, †—and even allow them to utter mere nothings, *des choses inutiles.* You must put up with their trifles light as air or heavy as lead. Far from contradicting or interrupting them, you must, on the contrary, enter into their

\* Grote, History of Greece, vol. x. part ii. chap. lxxvii.

† Swift.

‡ Réflexions diverses de la Rochefoucauld, V., De la Conversation.

\* Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.

† Letters of James Boswell, No. 4.

‡ *Causeries du Samedi*: M. Audibert et Mme. Ancelot.

taste and mind, and show that you understand them, and be as complimentary and complaisant as ever conscience will permit. One of what Mr. Slick calls his general rules for society, is, "if any crittur axes you if you have been here or there, or knows this one or that one, or seen this sight or t'other sight, always say yes, if you can without lyin', and then turn right short round to him, and say, 'What's your opinion on it? I should like to hear your views, for they are always so original.' That saves you makin' a fool of yourself by talkin' nonsense, for one thing, and when a room aint overly well furnished, it's best to keep the blinds down in a general way; and it tickles his vanity, and that's another thing. Most folks like the sound of their own voice better nor other people's, and every one thinks a good listener and a good laughter the pleasantest crittur in the world."\* Sam is a savant in the applied science of soft sawdering, and ought to know. Tact in applying it is every thing.

The Widow Bennett, in Fielding, thus relates to Amelia how her late husband won *her*, by winning upon her fussy flattered old aunt. "Mr. Bennett, as I afterwards found, saw her in the same light with myself: but as he was a very sensible and well-bred man, he so well concealed his opinion from us both, that I was almost angry, and she was pleased even to raptures, declaring herself charmed with his understanding; though indeed he said very little, but I believe he heard himself into her good opinion."† The suitor was an accomplished listener,—and a successful one, it proved, when his time came to be heard.

Scott's Antiquary, of Monkbarrow,—Old-Buck, as the French gravely have it—is heard communing with himself, early in his acquaintanceship with Lovel, as to the secret of his liking for that vagrant young gentleman. "I am bewitched with the rogue's company," he mutters, in Falstaff's phrase; "if the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else." But there is no witchery in the case—nothing black in the art. The riddle is easily solved. "Lovel had many attractive qualities, but he won our Antiquary's heart by being on most oc-

casions an excellent listener."\* During the picnic expedition to the ruins of the priory of St. Ruth, Oldbuck takes care to "detain Lovel close beside him as the best listener of the party."† Miss Ferrier gives an amusing sketch of the Earl of Rosville "parsing and prosing away to good Mrs. Black, who sat listening to him with the most perfect reverence and admiration. Had the speaker been their neighbor old Mr. Longlungs, she might perhaps have thought him rather long-winded; but it was still the golden age of innocence with Mrs. Black, for it never once occurred to her that it was possible for an earl to be as tiresome as a commoner. She, therefore, hung enamored on his lordship's accents."‡ And he, of course, thought this rare good listener a decidedly superior woman; and when they separated, each, no doubt, pronounced the other capital company.

Mr. Lister describes one of his heroes, at the outset, as having one property of an eminently serviceable kind—particularly during his connection with a certain prolix old general: "he was a good listener; and however unskilled in the arts of 'seeming wise' where he was not, at least possessed the inferior faculty of seeming attentive. . . . Thus gifted, our hero, without quitting his own bright day-dreams, or suffering them to clash with the anti-romantic topics of his companion, mechanically, but dexterously, responded, in a tone so well suited to that of the narrator, that this communicative person was perfectly satisfied, and parted from our hero [again that phrase!] with the full conviction that the pleasures of the meeting had been mutual."§ This complaisant illusion obtains universally, in such cases. Later in the same story, "our hero" is, in his turn, played upon by a practised hand. "It was not easy to withstand the ingenious cajoleries, which, when he chose to be agreeable, Trebeck could so artfully employ. He directed a good deal of his conversation to Henry, and paid a polite attention to all that he said. Then Trebeck was such an agreeable listener, and laughed so precisely in the right place,"|| that—in short, the fish was hooked.—Hook, by the way (for in these

\* The Antiquary, vol. i. ch. xvi.

† Ibid., ch. xvii.

‡ The Inheritance, ch. xxiii.

§ Granby, vol. i. ch. ii.

|| Ibid., ch. lvi.

\* The Attaché, ch. xxxv.

† Amelia, book vii, ch. iv.



patchwork illustrations, even the suggestive sound of a word suffices to connect them together, having no other attraction of cohesion, into a "concatenation accordingly"), makes Jack Brag pounce upon the last arrival at an inn, in the hope of having discovered somebody upon whom he might make an impression—"in whom he might find an agreeable listener; which was, after all, *his* notion—when he could find one—of a pleasant companion.\* And indeed the story goes, of that eccentric nobleman, as regards mental absenteeism, the late Lord Dudley and Ward, that, having talked to himself in his travelling carriage the whole way from Brighton to London, he ended at Hyde Park Corner, by inviting himself to dinner, as the pleasantest companion he had ever travelled with.

This absence of mind legend is told in one of Mrs. Gore's sparkling fictions,—where Cecil Danby succeeds in the good graces of Lady Harriett, by lending out his two ears to her for the night. If Lord Dudley pronounced his other self, *alter et idem*, the pleasantest companion within his experience, Lady Harriett, the autobiographer affirms, "evidently thought as much of *me*; because what passed for dialogue between us, was as much a monopoly as those of Matthews."† A parallel passage may be worth citing, from another of this sprightly writer's innumerable works. "Do you know that you have been vastly amusing to-night, my dear Mrs. Hamilton?" observed George Eardley, one evening at Sir Joseph Leighton's; where Susan had been listening in mute amazement to Lord Tottenham's rhapsodies touching a Greenwich fish-dinner, at which he had been present the day before,—"C'est à peu de frais?" said Lady Leighton, 'for she has not opened her lips, except to sip her coffee.'—"Ask Peregrine Varden" (rejoins Eardley) 'whether he do not consider a woman endowed with such powers of audition, as worthy twenty declamatory De De Stäels or eloquent Madame Rolands!'‡ Mr. Savage tells us of his "Smyly girls," that they not only rode, danced, sang, and were capital talkers, but that they were "capital listeners," too,—the latter a valuable accomplishment in both sexes, and a rare one.§

\* Jack Brag, vol. ii. ch. v.

† Cecil, vol. i. ch. iii.

‡ The Hamiltons, ch. xv.

§ The Bachelor of the Albany, ch. viii.

"But how on earth," inquires Mr. Kingsley's Launcelot of his ruralizing friend, "do you contrive to get on so well with men with whom you have not an idea in common?" Respondent: "*Savoir faire*, oh, infant Hercules! own daddy to *savoir vivre*. I am a good listener; and, therefore, the most perfect because the most silent, of flatterers." What else is it that charms Captain Costigan in young Pendennis? "Pen walked on, listening to his companion's prate, wondering, amused, and puzzled. . . . The Captain had never had a better listener, and was highly flattered by the attentiveness and modest bearing of the young man"†—insomuch that he asks him home, to Pen's cost. A good deal of the lad's consequent craze for the Captain's daughter might be traceable to her accomplishments as a good listener. We hear how Pen sat with her hour after hour, and poured forth all his honest boyish soul to her: every thing he knew, or hoped, or felt, or had read, or fancied, he told to her. "He never tired of talking and longing. One after another, as his thoughts rose in his hot, eager brain, he clothed them in words, and told them to her. Her part of the tête-à-tête was not talk, but to appear as if she understood what Pen talked, and to look exceedingly handsome and sympathizing." The fact is, as the narrator advises us, that whilst Pen was making one of his tirades, the lovely Emily, who could not comprehend a tenth part of his talk, had leisure to think about her own affairs, and would arrange in her own mind how they should dress the cold mutton, or how she should turn the black satin, or make herself out of her scarf a bonnet like Miss Thackthwaite's new one, and so forth. "Pen spouted Byron and Moore; passion and poetry: her business was to throw up her eyes, or, fixing them for a moment on his face, to cry, 'Oh, 'tis beautiful! Ah, how exquisite! Repeat those lines again.' And off the boy went, and she returned to her own simple thoughts about the turned gown or the hashed mutton."‡

A young gentleman in this predicament thinks he cannot over-value the worth of such priceless sympathy in so good a listener. A lay figure would do nearly as well. But to him the soft-pated damsel realizes what

¶ Yeast: A Problem, ch. vi.

† Pendennis, ch. v.

‡ Ibid., ch. vi.



we are told of Madame Récamier herself,—*"Elle écoutait avec séduction, ne laissant rien passer de ce qui était bien dans vos paroles sans témoigner qu'elle le sentit."*

What more "seductive" than listening of such a sort? Our old friend Cecil says of his Therese: "She was a capital listener,

"—an excellent thing in woman,"

and rare as excellent. An intelligent countenance bent upon one while telling a story, is positively colloquial." What, he may well ask, are the vulgar ejaculations of wonder and satisfaction with which commonplace people interrupt a narrator, compared with the speaking blush, the flushing glance, which, though no interruption, cries, "Bravo!"—or, "Alas!"—in accents not to be mistaken?† So Desdemona loved Othello for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity them, and that so oft

"She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up his discourse,"

and pray with prayer of earnest heart

"That he would all his pilgrimage dilate"—which he did—and this only was the witchcraft he had used—or she on him. He told his life-history with soldier-like effect; and she listened, and loved too well.

Young Pendennis thinks they have a Desdemona listener in every Fotheringay. And indeed the illusion is not confined, in its general effect, to juvenile lovers. Every proser, almost, accepts the mere fact of listening as *ipso facto* evidence of the listener's intelligence, sensibility, and worth. Mrs. Nickleby finds poor Smike all that could be wished, after his patient session to hear her bald disjointed chat. Nicholas comes home one night two hours behind his time, and kept them up waiting for him,—but the night has glided away pleasantly, for Mrs. Nickleby has been entertaining Smike with a genealogical account of her family by the mother's side, comprising biographical sketches of the principal members, and Smike has sat wondering what it was all about, and whether it was learnt from a book, or said out of Mrs. Nickleby's own head; "so they had got on together" she reports, "very pleasantly."‡ Indeed, from this first coming together, we find that, there being no doubt

as to Smike's capacity as "an excellent listener," this circumstance "had considerable influence in placing them on the very best terms, and in inducing Mrs. Nickleby to express the highest opinion of his general deportment and disposition."\* Wiser heads than Mrs. Nickleby's are liable to similar misconceptions. Mr. Payne Collier's notes on the conversation of the author of "Christabel," during their intercourse in 1811-12, include this rather doubtful-looking story: "As Coleridge is a man of genius and knowledge, he seems glad of opportunities of display: being a good talker, he likes to get hold of a good listener; he admits it, and told us the anecdote of some very talkative Frenchman, introduced to a dumb lady, who, however, politely appeared to hear all her loquacious visitor said. When this visitor afterwards met the friend who had introduced him, he expressed his obligation to that friend for bringing him acquainted with so very agreeable and intelligent a woman, and was astonished and chagrined when told that she was dumb!"† The story wears a (not in Hamlet's sense) too questionable shape, as it stands. Equally pertinent, and preferable in verisimilitude, is the well-known story about Coleridge himself, and the Silent Guest, whom an entrée of apple-dumplings reduced from the sublime to the ridiculous. Till those accursed cates came in, the taciturn one was such a good listener, and, on that showing, such a sensible man!

The result of all this goes to show, that no very heavy capital of intellect is required to carry on a smart business in the good-listener line. The business is mainly conducted on principles of credit. Good-nature is more in demand for it than acute judgment. A very little *vous* will go a great way. Still, the cleverer a general man is, the better listener he will make—such as Sir Walter Scott, for instance. On the other hand, the cleverest of men will make a bad listener, if the disposition be lacking—if natural reserve, or pride, or irritability, or indigestion (especially chronic), be his portion. Says Byron of himself, "I don't talk—I can't flatter, and won't listen, except to a pretty or a foolish woman"‡—hence

\* Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries du Lundi*, t. i. p. 108.

† See Cecil; or, *The Adventures of a Coxcomb*, vol. ii. ch. iv.

‡ Nicholas Nickleby, ch. xxxvii.

\* Nicholas Nickleby, ch. xxxv.

† Mr. Collier's Preface to Coleridge's "Seven Lectures," p. xvi.

‡ Moore's *Life of Byron*, Journal, 1813.

his failure with the De Staël, about whom he is here journalizing. Some years later his lordship asks, in a letter to Moore, "What did Parr mean by 'haughtiness and coldness?' I listened to him with admiring ignorance, and respectful silence. What more could a talker for fame have?—they don't like to be answered. It was at Payne Knight's I met him, where he gave me more Greek than I could carry away. But I certainly meant to (and *did*) treat him with the most respectful deference." \* What a different impression the style of Scott's "respectful deference" would have left on pedagogue Parr! In him the habit of patient attention—whosoever the speaker—was native, and to the manner born. Lockhart tells us with what perfect placidity he submitted to be bored even by bores of the first magnitude. "I have heard a spruce Senior Wrangler lecture him for half an evening on the niceties of the Greek epigram [should it not have been the differential calculus?]; I have heard the poorest of all parliamentary blunderers try to detail to him the *pros* and *cons* of what he called the Truck system; and in either case the same bland eye watched the lips of the tormentor." †

It is not always easy to predicate of this or that person that here you are sure of a good listener, or the reverse. In Madame de Sévigné one might have felt safe of as excellent an auditor as the Récamier who *écoutait avec séduction*. But madame owns, in one instance at least, in a letter to her daughter (who is hereby implicated in the charge), that she pays no kind of attention to a certain admiring gossip, and pretty considerable bore. "Elle parle toujours, et Dieu me fait la grâce d'être pour elle comme vous êtes pour beaucoup d'autres; je ne l'écoutes point du tout." ‡ Probably, however, madame had the grace to look as if she heard, and appreciated, every syllable. On the other hand, who would not have anticipated in a man of Hazlitt's temperament, one of the most impatient and recalcitrant of listeners? Yet we are assured that he was a most exemplary and tolerant one. He used to remark that the being accustomed to associate with men of genius renders the con-

versation of others tiresome, as consisting of a parcel of things that have been heard a thousand times, and from which no stimulus is to be obtained; this he lamented, as an effect unbecoming a reflecting man and a fellow-creature—for, in Leigh Hunt's esteem, "though irritable, and sometimes resentful, his heart was large and full of humanity;"—and the consequence was, according to the same genial reporter, that nobody paid greater attention than Hazlitt to common conversation, or showed greater respect towards any endeavor to interest him, however trite. "Youths of his acquaintance are fond of calling to mind the footing of equality on which he treated them, even when children, gravely interchanging remarks with them, as he sat side by side, like one grown person with another, and giving them now and then (though without the pomp) a Johnsonian 'Sir.' The seriousness of his 'Indeed, m'm!' with lifted eyebrows, and protruded lips, while listening to the surprising things told him by good housewives about their preserves, is now sounding in our ears." \* This must have been the result of not a little self-restraint and discipline, on the part of the "splenetic philosopher," for nobody would hazard the assertion that Hazlitt was born to be a good listener.

Some people are so born—the elect of nature for that purpose. We do not mean such poor foredoomed creatures as Job Caudle, who is expressly designated "one of the few men whom nature, in her casual bounty to women, sends into the world as patient listeners. He, was perhaps, in more respects than one, all ears. And these ears, Mrs. Caudle took whole and sole possession of. They were her entire property; as expressly made to convey to Caudle's brain the stream of wisdom that continually flowed from the lips of his wife, as was the tin funnel through which Mrs. Caudle in vintage time bottled her elder wine." † But there are people in numbers of happier destiny, in whom the faculty of listening well is innate, connate, congenital. It is found amply developed in a large proportion of what are called commonplace people. Indeed, in an essay on these very people, published by

\* Moore's Life of Byron, Journal, Sept. 1818.

† Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xlix.

‡ Lettres de Mme. de Sévigné, 5 juin, 1680.

\* Leigh Hunt, The Seer, part ii. No. 51.

† Introduction to Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

Leigh Hunt in "The Round Table," a glowing summary of their aggregate merits and recommendations is wound up with this climax: "Above all,—which ought to recommend them to the very hardest of their antagonists,—they are uninquiring laughers at jokes, and most exemplary listeners."\* But what comes to commonplace people by nature and temperament, may be attained by their intellectual superiors as a habit, a moral acquirement, a thing studied for kindness' sake, and out of the will to please. Where there's the will, there's a way,—frequently more ways than one. A steady resolve to check the selfishness of social impatience, so far as it is selfish, and to condescend to men of low-estate, will eventually make of a haughty scorner a courteous listener. The most supercilious may come in time, if only he think it worth his while, to be as pronounced an adept in the art as the stolidest hear-all on record, or the urbanest of placid companions. He may come to rank on a level, say with Colly Cibber in his youth, who tells us, of his intercourse with Mr. Brett, that, "as he had wit enough for any two people, and I had attention enough for any four, there could not well be wanting a sociable delight on either side."† Or with six-foot-six Bennet Langton (Johnson's dear delight), a man notably of ready intellect, perfect manners, and great love of literature,—of whom we read that "his manner endeared him to men from whom he differed most; he listened even better than he talked."‡ Or with the William Fitzherbert mentioned towards the opening of this paper—a steadfast friend of Burke—recognized by Johnson as having a grand talent for at-

\* The Round Table, No. V.: "On Commonplace People."

† Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, ch. xi.

‡ Forster's Life of Goldsmith, book iii. ch. viii.

tentive silence—and of whom Burke's latest and largest biographer says, that "his house was open to all the distinguished writers and speakers of his time; and, as he said little himself, and listened attentively to the colloquial displays of others, he was regarded by them as one of the most delightful of companions."\* Or with amiable and enlightened Sir Alexander Ball—in whose praise Coleridge grew so enthusiastic whenever he recalled "the tender patience, the sweet gentleness, with which he was wont to tolerate the tediousness of well-meaning men;" as well as the "inexhaustible attention, the unfeigned interest with which he would listen for hours where the conversation appealed to reason, and like the bee made honey while it murmured."† Or with Sir James Mackintosh, of whom Sydney Smith‡ bears witness, that while "very fond of talking, he heard patiently;" and, that while "not averse to intellectual display," he did not forget that others might have the same inclination as himself. "J'aimais à l'écouter," says a distinguished French essayist, in allusion to Ugo Foscolo, "parce que j'aimais à connaître; j'ai toujours volontiers laissé parler les autres."§ And a distinguished English one, of quite another school, says—though not *in propria persona*,—"I can add little, or nothing, to the pleasure of any company; I like to listen rather than to talk; and when any thing apposite does occur to me, it is generally the day after the conversation has taken place. I do not, however, love good talk the less for these defects of mine; and I console myself with thinking that I sustain the part of a judicious listener, not always an easy one."|| So professes one who is meant to be regarded as "Serenely good, if not profoundly wise."

\* Macknight's Life and Times of Edmund Burke, vol. i. ch. x.

† The Friend, by S. T. Coleridge, vol. iii. Appendix G.

‡ Letter on the Character of Sir James Mackintosh.

§ Philarrète Chasles, Etudes sur les Hommes au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle, p. 375.

|| Friends in Council (First Series), vol. i. ch. i.

AN old and much-respected citizen, a member of the medical profession, has made the munificent donation of £12,000 towards the erection of a university in or adjacent to the city of Quebec. The funds have, it is said, been intrusted to the Rev. Dr. Cook, of the Scotch Church.

Concerning some Scotch Surnames is a neat little historical essay tracing back these names (the use of which dates in Scotland from about the year 1100) to their true origin, and disentangling it from the fables by which it has been obscured.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

# A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.

## CHAPTER I.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FOES.

ON the southern verge of Gloucestershire, about six miles from the city of Bath, lies a little village. Small as it is, it boasts a large rambling manor house, a true Elizabethan building, with its ground-plan in the form of the letter E, and with the usual characteristics of tall, twisted chimneys, innumerable gables, and mullioned windows.

The approach to the house from the village road is through a massive stone gateway, sculptured with armorial bearings. A paved path, with lawns on either side, and beds of strange, old-fashioned flowers, leads to a terrace, shaded at each end with trees: passing up a few more steps, through a stone porch, with a ponderous carved oak door, you enter the panelled hall, from which branch off winding passages leading to the various apartments of the mansion.

If you, my reader, had been in the flesh on the morning of Thursday, the 29th of June, in the year of our Lord 1643, you might have seen in the parlor of this manor-house a lady, sitting in a high-backed chair near the bow-window, bent in deep attention over a book which she held in her hand, for her household duties were performed for the day.

She is about four or five and twenty; no pale, languid beauty, for a bright color blooms in her cheeks, and vigorous health and energy animate her frame. Stately in person, a proud yet sweet expression plays upon her noble face; a mouth firm, decided, rather austere, yet sometimes softened by the gentlest of smiles; gray eyes, now full of grave, earnest thought, now flashing with vivid fire; a broad, massive forehead, crowned with bright golden hair, which falls in sunny waves and curls upon her Vandyked lace color, and on the dark blue velvet cushions of the carved oak chair.

A table by her side is strewn with books, and lying carelessly heaped one upon another are volumes some of which to an antiquary of the present day, would be worth their weight in gold. Pamphlets, political and theological, of the most opposite opinions, repose peacefully side by side: furious High Church essays on the duty of passive obedi-

ence, and Puritan tracts which openly advocate republicanism; Jeremy Taylor's "Episcopacy Asserted," and the bitterest attacks upon the Church; with *Diurnals*, *Mercuries*, *Intelligencers*, and other newspapers of the time containing full, true, and particular accounts of recent battles and sieges in "Happy" England. Besides all these, which seem to indicate that this house is divided against itself, there are other books of a different and more peaceful nature, such as Quarles' "Enchiridion" and his "Divine Emblems;" Herbert's poems; several volumes of sermons by divines of the Church of England, and a large Book of Common Prayer, magnificently bound.

The lady looks up with a smile; for all at once the door is thrown wide open, and a young man enters, singing at the top of his very fine voice,—

"Ring the bells backwards: I am all on fire,  
Not all the buckets in a country quire  
Shall quench my rage."

"Come hither, Harry. How handsome you look!" said the lady, regarding him with affectionate admiration.

There was between these two—the man and the woman—a certain likeness, enough perhaps to proclaim them brother and sister; and yet there was also a great difference, indicating diversity of character. Their features were similar in their clear-cut, beautiful form; but Harry's face had not his sister's look of intense earnestness and strong resolution: his eyes were brilliant, but with mirth and fun; and not like hers, lighted upon with a fervent glow of enthusiasm. His complexion was fair, and his hair auburn; his figure tall, but slight and boyish; and altogether he looked several years younger than his sister. In fact, though he would have been mortally offended had you called him so—for he had attained the mature age of two-and-twenty—he was but a boy.

Harry and Courtenay North were orphans, their father and mother having both died some years before. They were all in all to each other; and a childish vow that they had made that they would neither of them marry, but always live together in the old manor-house where they were born, had never been revoked.

Harry was splendidly dressed in the height of the picturesque fashion of the day, and

looked an out-and-out Cavalier: with his long, flowing hair, his moustache with its wicked up-turned twist, his plumed hat, and the gay gold embroidery on his buff coat, and his sword-belt. Courtenay, at her brother's request, had entered into an elaborate criticism of the various details of his attire, from the white feather in his gray beaver to the lawn ruffles on his boot-tops; when just as she had finished admiring his glittering steel cuirass, she stopped short as she took in her hand the fringed end of an orange satin scarf, suddenly remembering why the cuirass and the sword by his side were worn.

"O Harry!" she exclaimed, imploringly, "this spoils all—this symbol of treason and rebellion! Once more I beseech you, if you love me, consider before you draw that sword against your king!"

"My dear Courtenay," replied the young man, half in jest and half in earnest, "'tis too late. As one of your own poets hath said,—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honor more:'"

I am bound in honor now to join these 'wicked rebels;' or as my godly friends would say, 'having put my hand to the plough, I must not look back.'"

"I wish you had never gone to London, and so had your mind perverted and corrupted."

"Verily, I bless the Lord that he hath opened mine eyes," replied Harry, "and shown me the iniquity of my former ways, and what a besotted fool I was before I fell in with those glorious Parliament men. Yes, this sword, Mistress Courtenay, will deprive Charles Stuart of many a follower before it is sheathed for good, you may depend on it."

From these few words it may be seen that Harry North was not such a Cavalier as he looked, and that Courtenay was enthusiastically—her brother said fanatically—attached to the cause of the king. Till within the last year Harry had paid but little attention to politics; but during a visit to the metropolis, he had become acquainted with some members of Parliament, who professing ultra-republican views, and yet not being strict Puritans enough to offend his deep-rooted prejudices, had, with very little difficulty, induced him to agree with them heart

and soul; and he had come home from London, a red-hot republican, to the intense grief of his sister, who had earnestly labored to change his opinions, but all in vain; and Harry having procured a commission as captain in Sir William Waller's army—at present quartered in Bath—he was that morning about to proceed to the city to see his colonel.

Courtenay said but little more—she felt that it was indeed too late; she knew that though Harry was easily swayed in lesser matters, in this he was inflexible, owing to his having imbibed an intense feeling of personal dislike to the king (a feeling, by the way, by no means common among the Puritans, at any rate not at this early stage of the war); and now she could only hope and pray, that one day he might repent of having fought against his sovereign, and make glorious amends for his rebellion.

After a few moments' silence, Harry again spoke:—

"John Atherton is coming down here at noon, and we are going to ride down together to Bath and see Colonel Sydney."

"What sort of a man is Colonel Sydney?"

"Why, he is just what you Malignants would call a bloodthirsty fanatic. To speak more particularly, he is a man that would do the cruellest deed, and think it a pious work; and who, I have heard, is apt to quote after a battle, the text, 'Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood,' and so forth."

"Can you uphold such a man?" asked Courtenay, indignantly.

"Faith, I don't uphold him; he is a brave man, and a good officer, and hates Charles Stuart worse than the devil; and that is enough for me."

Having thus delivered his opinion on what were the necessary qualifications of a Puritan colonel, Harry turned away, and looked out of the window, whistling an air, till Courtenay suddenly said,—

"I had quite forgotten to tell you, I had a letter this morning from Cousin Wallingford, wherein she prays me to come and stay with her awhile—"

"Here is John Atherton!" exclaimed Harry, as the sound of the church clock striking twelve was drowned in the noise of horses' feet in the road. "Here is John Atherton. Just like him, punctual to a mo-



ment; and with him Lionel, as I live! I did not ask him to come! Now it seems to me, Lionel has been here very often of late, and he talks to you, and affects your company much withal. Is our old agreement going to be broken? I shrewdly suspect our worthy friend. And, yet, in truth, if you must leave me, there is no one I would sooner choose for my brother."

Courtenay did not blush, or look foolish; but answered rather haughtily, "Sir Lionel knows me too well, to think that I should ever become his wife, or the wife of any one else; if that is what you mean. You know me too well, Harry," she added, with a sudden change of tone, "to think that I should ever leave you."

"Hush! here he comes."

And with that entered Sir Lionel and his brother, Mr., or rather Major—for that was the rank he held in the parliamentary army—John Atherton.

It was difficult to believe that Sir Lionel was the elder; for his fair hair, and the gentle, tranquil, expression of his soft blue eyes, and indeed of his whole countenance, gave him a more youthful appearance than the taller, darker, John, whose grave, and somewhat commanding manners, and a look of settled melancholy on his fine and intellectual, but pale and careworn face, and in his deeply sunken eyes, caused him frequently to be supposed at least ten years older than his real age, of five-and-twenty.

He had indeed had cause for sorrow. The peace of his home had been destroyed with the peace of his country. Scarcely nine months had passed since Sir Walter Atherton, a stern, tyrannical man, and a zealous partisan of the king's, turned John, his Puritan son, with a curse, from his door; bidding him never darken it again. And shortly after the old man died, without expressing any desire for reconciliation, and without any word or token of forgiveness. Nor was this all. John had been on the point of marriage with a young lady, to whom he had been long attached; but after he had taken the side of Parliament, her parents broke off the engagement, and she was now about to become the wife of another man. The young Puritan bore his heavy trials with courage; for he had espoused the popular cause earnestly and conscientiously, firmly believing it to be the cause of God.

From troubles such as these Sir Lionel had been exempt; he was as honestly and devoutly a Churchman and a Royalist, as his brother was a Puritan and a Republican. The only persecution to which he had been subject was that of ridicule, which he had plentifully received from some of the members of his own party. With these persons, greatly to his annoyance, he had been compelled to become acquainted for political reasons; and they were always taunting him with his Puritanism; for a man, thought they, who would not swear, nor drink immoderately, who loved liberty as well as loyalty, and who revered in religion something more than the mere name of the Church of England, could be no good Cavalier. Reflections such as these, he bore with his usual placid good-humor, calmly conscious of his faithfulness to his cause.

Certainly never was any one so misnamed. With the exception of courage, a quality he possessed morally as well as physically in a great degree, there was very little of the lion in the quiet, pacific, equable-tempered young man. And yet, though his sweet and gentle disposition won for him the love of all, he had such rigid views of truth and honor, so stern a hatred of all impurity and vice, that he was not loved more than he was feared.

His younger brother inherited all the fiery impetuosity that characterized their race; strong passions, subdued, but not destroyed, by his numerous sorrows, often broke through the austerity of manner which his opinions had led him naturally to assume. He was more visionary than the sober, practical Lionel; more enthusiastic, though not more sincere, in his devotion to his principles; but he resembled his brother in his deep conscientiousness, in his supreme unselfishness, and in his spotless integrity of life. Each earnestly strove to do his duty; Lionel, notwithstanding any consequences to himself; John, notwithstanding any consequences to himself, or to others also. They were both true lovers of civil and religious liberty; though they entirely differed as to the rightful manner in which the glorious cause of truth and freedom might be served. Discussions, of course, there had been between them, which had had the usual effect of strengthening each in his own opinions; though not that of embittering each against



the other. Of late they had grown wiser; and seeing the utter uselessness of controversy, each had contented himself with an occasional expression of pious horror, when any enormity of the opposing party came under his notice; and had let his brother go on undisturbed in his chosen course. Their strong attachment to one another had not been shaken by their conflicting principles; and each loved and respected the other, as a noble-hearted but deeply erring man.

Immediately after his last interview with Sir Walter, John engaged in the army of the Parliament. He was present in several battles; and everywhere acquitted himself honorably, gaining credit as a brave and wise officer. As he held a post under Sir William Waller, he was now able, for the first time since his father's death, to visit his old home, of which his brother was become the master. The family mansion of the Athertons was a large house, with a park attached, near the little town of Marshfield, and about two miles from the Norths' residence. With Lionel John spent all the leisure time he had; and they were the same frank, familiar, companions as in those days when Cavalier and Roundhead were names unknown. The Puritan had many deeds of his soldier-life to relate, which were heard by his brother with mingled feelings of horror at their cause, and of admiration of their heroism.

Lionel, as yet, had served the king by his pen only, and not by his sword; however, he was engaged in raising a troop of horse, at the head of which, he hoped shortly to take his place in the royal army.

As a large landowner in the county, and as a man of the highest moral character, he had gained a standing and influence hardly to be expected from his years, which numbered only seven and twenty. People wondered that a young baronet, like Sir Lionel Atherton, prepossessing, if not handsome, with a good fortune, and many noble qualities, was still a bachelor. When rallied upon the subject, and advised to take a wife, he always answered, with a smile and a sigh, that he expected ever to remain single; then his questioners would darkly hint "unrequited affection;" but the reason of this unaccountable conduct, if reason there were, he kept entirely secret.

It was, moreover, a matter of surprise with

many, that Lionel should have chosen for his intimate friend Harry North; a man whose nature and disposition seemed in so many points utterly diverse from his own. But, as Lionel knew well, underneath all the folly and levity which floated on the surface of Harry's character, rolled a clear deep stream of truth and honor. And a certain fascination in his manner and personal appearance, joined with a never-ceasing flow of spirits, and a really kind and affectionate heart, made Harry a universal favorite.

The Athertons were welcomed by the Norths with all the warmth and familiarity of an old-established friendship; but it was evident Sir Lionel was the favorite with both brother and sister. With manners, if quiet, yet easy and genial, he was much more agreeable in society than the stern and unbending John. Opposition had taught the latter to assume, in his earnest desire of advocating the truth, a somewhat harsh and dogmatic manner in dealing with any one (Lionel always excepted) with whom he differed. John and Courtenay highly respected and esteemed each other; but their respective brothers were the only opponents to whom either would be disposed to show very much toleration. As for Harry, he thought Major Atherton a good fellow—but spoilt by his fanaticism; and was regarded by him in return, as a rather vain and light-minded young man, who did, by no means, credit to his cause.

Captain North, who liked nothing better than "chaffing" a Puritan, except "chaffing" a Royalist, had now the difficult task of so shaping his conversation as to annoy both. He began with the Cavalier: "Lionel, your parson at Marshfield will have our commissioners after him before long, if I mistake not. I hear he hath been seen in a tavern very often of late."

"Yes, and why?" replied Sir Lionel, with, for him, unusual sharpness of tone; but, as Harry knew very well, this was a sore subject. "He went there to see if he could not reclaim some of his wandering flock; telling them they could serve the king better by fighting for him than by drinking to him. However, if he be sequestered, I shall know well enough the reason—he hath been preaching loyalty and obedience;" he continued, in reply to Courtenay's inquiring look, "and hath been ex-

pounding the thirteenth chapter of the Romans; and that is a part of the Bible that does not suit the Roundheads."

"Prithee, Lionel," retorted Harry, "is there not a part of the Prayer-book that doth not suit the Malignants? Dost thou not find it somewhat inconvenient to pray for the welfare of the High Court of Parliament at this time assembled?"

"Truly, Harry," answered Lionel, with a quiet smile, "are we not commanded to pray for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us?"

"For goodness's sake," asked Harry, turning to John, as he found, as usual, Lionel was too much for him, "why hast thou clothed thyself in such a beggarly fashion? What in the world has become of the plume in thy hat, and thy lace collar, and the broidery on thy coat, and why hast thou donned that hideous swordbelt, and still more hideous sword? Why canst thou not dress thyself like a gentleman, as thou art?"

"I have told you before, that I hold it neither becoming us as men, nor as Christians, to deck ourselves in gold, silver, or costly array; but as becometh those professing godliness, with good works. And think you it is meet for poor, sinful mortals, who are but dust and ashes, and more particularly we, whose lives stand in jeopardy every hour, and whose liberties are in danger of being taken from us; think you, Harry North, it is meet for us to spend time and money in that which is but vanity, and in things which minister unto the flesh?"

"Because we are ashes, therefore, we must wear sackcloth. Sackcloth and ashes! That is just the way with you gloomy ones. Faith, I take life easier than you; I see no piety in making myself miserable, or wearing clothes unseemly for a gentleman."

"Nor, verily, do I," replied John. "But what I would say is, that we who have a great and serious work to do in the world, and who have to break our dearest earthly ties for the sake of our country and the Gospel—our foes being of our own household, it becometh us to watch and to be sober, to be serious and prayerful, and to give up those amusements, which, it may be, are harmless and innocent in happier times. Can we be light-hearted and jovial, when England is sore afflicted? when the blood of our brethren, slain in the righteous cause,

crieth to heaven for vengeance upon our oppressors?"

"I often speak somewhat in this manner," said Sir Lionel, addressing Courtenay, "to those who honor the king more than they fear God, and who bring reproach upon our glorious cause by their follies and vices; thinking that because the Roundheads are grave and strict, therefore, they would show their loyalty best by their license, and their dislike of rebellion, by their dislike of religion."

"If I were on your side, Lionel," said Harry, "I should look grave enough; I should be miserable to think what a confounded fool I was, to risk life and fortune; and all because the man, Charles Stuart, should be king. And such a king! mean, treacherous, hypocrite!"

"Harry," cried Courtenay, passionately, while John looked displeased at his intemperate language, "you are one of those who despise dominion, and who delight in speaking evil of dignities."

"I do not despise dominion. Am I not fighting because I would have a most glorious dominion; the greatest men in the greatest power; and homage paid to genius—not to a golden crown? And methinks, John, we should then have the laugh against the Malignants; for see you not how they are always casting in our teeth, that 'the powers that be are ordained of God?' Now powers being many, clearly cannot mean a king, who is but one; but must refer to a house of parliament, or commonwealth. What say you to my argument, my worthy major?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," answered John, "I am nigh wearied of argument. The time has past for arguing for the truth; the time has come to die for it."

"Hum—well, as to truth, how am I to know what is the truth? Every one swears that he is fighting for the truth, and that if any one will be kind enough to give him an opportunity, he will be most happy to become a martyr for it. According to our own showing we are all of us in the right; and yet half of us want to cut the throats of the other half. And there's Sir Lionel Ather-ton; to-day, the best friend I have in the world; to-morrow, mayhap he'll run me through with his sword."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Lionel, starting.

"And," continued Harry, not heeding the interruption, "if you go to one godly divine, he'll tell you that bishops' lawn sleeves and all, are *de jure divino*; and that all the other clergy but the Episcopalian are grievous wolves devouring the flock; and that if you do not humbly and thankfully take all the blows and kicks that your princes and governors are graciously pleased to bestow upon you, you shall receive unto yourself damnation. If you go to another godly divine, he'll tell you that the first godly divine is a priest of Baal; that the Church of England is Antichrist, and the Beast of the Revelations; and the Archbishop of Canterbury the Man of sin. Moreover, he'll tell you to be so loyal and faithful to the king as to take up arms against him when 'tis for his good; that is, for the king, and against his evil advisers. Now, I call that sheer cant and hypocrisy. If ever I meet in battle that cursed old villain, Charles Stuart,—hold your peace there, ye Malignants,—I shall put a pistol to his head with the greatest pleasure in life."

"The time will come," said John, very solemnly; for he was shocked and disgusted by Harry's levity; "the time will come when God will show the difference between those who are in deed and in truth on his side and those who do the Devil's work in the Lord's name. And God will exact heavy reckoning from those who have troubled our Israel. He knoweth those who have brought these miseries upon our bleeding country, and those who have, indeed, used their utmost endeavors for peace, and who really desire the advancement of liberty, and the true Protestant religion. God judge between us, and defend the right!"

"Amen!" said both Lionel and Courtenay, with great earnestness.

"Faith, it seems to me, that we are holding a conventicle here," yawned the incorrigible Harry.

"And the time will come," continued John, suddenly turning round upon him; "when you, and such as you, Harry North, will have to choose which you will serve."

"I cry your mercy, John Atherton!" piteously exclaimed Harry. "What have I done to merit an exhortation? I hate the king, and love the Parliament—what would you have more? Can I not be on your side, without swearing to all your whims and fancies? Go and preach to those Malig-

nants, if you must preach—and, under your favor, we'll now change the subject; you'll find discoursing on the ungodliness of your enemies more profitable than discoursing on the ungodliness of your friends."

Lionel, taking a seat near Courtenay began turning over the books and pamphlets on the table. "What have we here?" he cried, as he took up a perfectly rabid tract on the duty of passive obedience. "Surely, you like not this?"

"No, indeed," answered Courtenay; "that is Harry's. He delights in getting pamphlets by the most violent writers of either side, and then reading me choice passages therefrom."

Lionel laughed; then turning to George Herbert's poems, a book far more congenial to his tastes, Courtenay and he were soon deep in criticism and admiration of the same.

The two "Puritans" after talking a little while apart to each other, evidently on business, rose to take their departure. "I suppose, Lionel," said Harry, "it is of no use asking you to come with us, and see how the loyal city of Bath is oppressed and persecuted?"

"I thank you, no; I have no wish to run my head into the lion's den."

"Farewell then to ye, Malignants."

Courtenay looked out of the window, and saw her brother run gayly down the steps and mount his horse; while John followed soberly after; and she watched them fairly out of sight.

Lionel looked at Courtenay, as he always did whenever he had an opportunity.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

"So the die is cast," Lionel said at length; "and Harry is a rebel."

"Even so," replied Courtenay, very sorrowfully.

"In sooth, I cannot understand him; with my knowledge of his character I should certainly have supposed that he would have been on our side; truly, in all but the vital point, he is a Cavalier. Maybe, we ought to change places; for some of my graceless acquaintances tell me I am a Puritan at heart, because I am often times sad and cast down. But, in truth, there is cause enough to make the lightest heart heavy; and though, with Harry, I see no piety in being miserable, yet

I think there is sufficient reason in our being so. We must mourn that our country calls us to draw our swords against our friends and brethren; and that, in our glorious cause we may have to take the life of many a brave and virtuous, but misguided man. 'Tis not enough that we should die; we may be called on to sacrifice lives more precious to us than our own."

During a silence which followed, the remembrance of private troubles and anxieties again pressed heavily upon the mind which had almost begun to forget them; and Lionel added, in an abstracted manner, "I am in a great perplexity."

"Are you, Sir Lionel?" asked Courtenay. "Can I be of any service? Is there aught I can do for you?"

"Indeed, no—I think not—and yet, maybe—well, I will tell you. A gentleman of my acquaintance (who being suspected by the Parliament, cannot have the needful communication with his majesty's general) is about to intrust me with the care of some most important and valuable papers, relative to a design, of which, I may say only, that it is a matter of great concernment to his majesty's service; and most terrible consequences would result from its discovery by our enemies. Now, these despatches I am charged to deliver to the Marquis of Hertford himself, at his quarters at Bradford, directly the whole packet is ready, which will be next Saturday morning; or else to find a trustworthy messenger by whom to send them. Well, last night, I had intelligence from Mr. Hungerford, at Hetling House, in Bath, that on Saturday several gentlemen of quality and influence will pass through the city, on their way to Oxford, and that he greatly desires that I would meet them at his house, where they will halt for a few hours; because my presence is necessary for the prosecution of another scheme concerning his majesty's service. Now, how to perform both duties, I know not. I cannot take the despatches to the general before I repair to this meeting in the city; for they will not be finished early enough; and I am requested to be with these gentlemen by eleven o' the clock. Neither ought I put off going to Bradford till afterwards; for, as I said before, I must deliver these papers as soon as possible after they are ready, and it is needful that they should be in his lord-

ship's hands by noon, at the latest. Yet, I can scarcely refuse going to Hetling House; Mr. Hungerford says that they must have my counsel and opinion on various matters. So, you see what it is to be up to one's eyes in plots and schemes; and to be 'a gentleman of influence,' as they are pleased to call me. Most unhappily, a very trustworthy person, whom I have before employed in such matters, is going to leave this part of the country to-morrow, on business of his own: and no persuasions of mine can induce him to stay over Saturday. Besides him, I know of no one, in whom I could sufficiently confide, to send with the despatches to the marquis. You know not of any one, I suppose, who would be both a skilful and trustworthy messenger?"

"I will go," replied Courtenay, quietly.

"You, Mistress Courtenay!"

"Why not? See, I think it is ordained by Providence that I should be the bearer of your despatches; for this very morning, there was brought me a letter from my cousin, who lives in Wiltshire, asking me to visit her on Saturday; now, I must pass nigh Bradford on my way thither; Harry will suspect naught; for I often go to see her. Let me have your papers, and my life on it, but I will give them into Lord Marquis' own hands before noon on Saturday. What, will you not trust me? Where did you learn these suspicions? Have I ever given you cause to doubt my loyalty or prudence? You thought me worthy to be employed last spring to take that letter to your friends at Bristol, when I was going there with Harry; you said that that also was an important matter; you even taught me a cipher that I might explain it to your friend; and though the letter was after all sent by other hands, you know well enough the only reason for the alteration in the plan was, that Harry wished to put off our journey till another time. Have I done any thing since to forfeit your confidence? These doubts are unworthy alike of you and me, Sir Lionel."

"Nay, in truth, you wrong me, Mistress Courtenay," he answered, anxiously. "Could I ever doubt your loyalty or discretion? But when I asked you to take my letter, as you were going to that gentleman's house with your brother, there was no danger in the design; for my friend was then thought

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by all to be on the side of the Parliament; neither at that time, which is more to the point, had that resolution been passed by the House of Commons, that no woman employed by the king's party as a spy or letter-carrier, should have mercy shown her by reason of her sex; but should meet with death. Could I send you on such a mission, when I know, if it be discovered by the rebels, death—O Mistress Courtenay, I shudder to think of it!—death would be the consequence? Nay, by my honor, you must not go. I should not know a moment's peace until you were returned in safety. How could I reconcile it to my conscience to let you encounter such fearful danger?"

"How could you reconcile it to your conscience if any harm resulted from your neglecting either of your engagements? You cannot plead as an excuse want of a messenger, whilst you have one so ready and willing to do his majesty a service, however dangerous. And what is my life, that you should be so chary of it? Is it more precious than those which perish day by day in the cause of loyalty? Who am I, that should stay at home in peace and security, while thousands are suffering and dying in our land for that cause for which I gladly would suffer and die? Do I not love my sovereign and my country as faithfully as they? Why seek to deprive me of one poor opportunity, wherein I may show that devotion which I feel? Long have I mourned, that there is no work for me to do; that I am not counted worthy to suffer persecution; but must pass my days in ignoble ease. Oh, that I were a man! I would fight as bravely as any of ye; and as calmly and cheerfully meet my death. I will take no denial. Sir Lionel, you must see that it is your duty to lay aside your fears as to my safety; and be thankful for a messenger, whose loyalty, I think, you cannot impeach."

Lionel looked at her impassioned face, which glowed with lofty enthusiasm; but was more than ever resolute and determined in its expression; and he felt that, indeed, she would take no denial—for no rock could be more immovable than was Courtenay in the path of duty. She well knew that Lionel could have no other objection than that he had already made to her proposition; and the thought of the attending risk only made her more eager for the undertaking. "It

shall never be said that a North shrank from danger," she proudly thought.

"You have the heart of a hero!" Lionel involuntarily exclaimed; then added, in a voice of deep emotion, "I can say no more. I will not displease you by any further mention of the danger you contemn; nor will I repeat what trouble and inquietude I shall suffer while you are away—but I will speak no further of myself; I will only thank you with most fervent gratitude; for you by this render a great service to the king; greater than you have any idea of. You say truly that it is my duty to accept your offer. I cannot indeed lay aside my fears, and forget the danger—but it is my duty; unless, which may Heaven grant, I find some one else to take the despatches. But, at present, I see no hope of that."

"Sir Lionel, I have to thank you," said Courtenay, gently, the stern look upon her countenance softening into a smile. "I thank you very much; for thus the earnest wish and prayer of my heart will be accomplished. And now," she continued, "let us make our necessary arrangements."

"Before we settle any thing, let me ask you, Mistress Courtenay, whether you think it unlikely, that in these unhappy times, Harry may wish to accompany you himself to your cousin's house, which will, of course, render your journey fruitless?"

"I have thought of that; but, luckily, he is going to Bath on Saturday, and will start soon after daybreak. As he will be on duty, (*duty*, forsooth!) he cannot put off his visit until another day; so we have no reason to fear difficulty from that quarter."

"But Harry may not like your passing through our army's quarters at Bradford, and may wish you, for greater safety, to make a circuit of the place, or to ride by some other road?"

"Most likely he will; so would not the best plan be, to arrange a meeting at some place—some inn—without the town?"

"True," answered Lionel. "Let me consider; there is the inn at the sign of the Crown, on the Bradford road—that would be a good place; you could halt there on the pretence of refreshment, and so on; and I will send this afternoon a letter, to tell the marquis of all our arrangements, by the trustworthy messenger I spoke of. I would go and see his lordship myself, but I have to-



day an engagement at the house of the writer of these despatches; where I must stay till Saturday morning, to settle some of our matters. Now, for greater safety, I shall ask his lordship to come and meet you himself at the inn; for, in the first place, you know him well by sight; so there can be no chance of a mistake; and secondly, this design is of so important and particular a nature, that it is of the greatest consequence that none, not even, for a time, his lordship's officers, should know the exact bearing of some of the secret intelligence contained in these papers, or that any such scheme is afoot. The despatches are written in a peculiar cipher, with which the marquis is well acquainted; not in that I generally use; but in the one which I explained to you last spring; a cipher known only to a very few of the king's party. I will bring the packet here on Saturday morning—"

"Stay, Sir Lionel," interrupted Courtenay; "I think suspicions might be awakened by your again coming to this house; and though Harry would be away, he would be sure to hear of it on his return; and might then ask me questions, not the easiest to answer. Now, you know my housekeeper—the good old soul—his majesty hath not a more loyal or trustworthy subject in his dominions—think you not that it would be the best way to send her to your house to fetch the papers? I can so order matters, that none shall know aught of her being out; and she would die, rather than reveal that she had been on such an errand."

Lionel smiled at the thought of the old housekeeper being engaged in their dark designs; but agreed with Courtenay that it would be the least dangerous method of receiving the despatches; as Harry's curiosity might certainly prove very inconvenient; and Lionel did not wish to incur the captain's violent anger, the certain consequence of his discovery of the plot.

"My feelings towards my friends and relations," said Courtenay, "shall never stand in the way of the duty I owe to my God and my king; yet I would try to save Harry from the vexation and annoyance he would be sure to feel if it ever came to his knowledge that I had been engaged in such an undertaking."

For a little while longer they talked over their arrangements; both knowing that it

was their last and only interview, ransacking their minds for every thing that was needful to be said, till Lionel rose at last, and they went out and stood together for a few minutes in the cool, shady porch.

That afternoon was bright and sunshiny; not too hot, for a soft breeze came scented with hay from the distant fields, and roses and honeysuckles from the garden beneath the terrace; it made the aspens and acacias rustle and quiver. A very lovely picture of woods and hills and valleys they might have seen from that great stone porch, had they cared to notice what their eyes unconsciously looked on.

"Well," said Lionel, "on Saturday afternoon I hope to be able to go to Bradford, and hear from the general's own lips the praise of your heroism. But, oh, I cannot think how I shall live till I learn of your safety, and if—"

He stopped short; shuddering with sickening terror at the bare possibility: his face grew deadly white, and he was forced to turn away to hide his tearful eyes and quivering lips.

Courtenay, moved at his evident distress, and knowing nothing but a strong sense of duty could ever have induced him to let her go, strove in her gentlest tone to re-assure him.

"Fear not, Sir Lionel; fear not for me. If they make me prisoner, they do but give me the glory of suffering for conscience' sake; and if they take my life, what then? I will say, with Esther of old, if I perish, I perish. For God and my country I shall die!"

"We trust too much, I think," she went on after a pause; "we trust too much that God will always lead us in an easy path, or forever remove all difficulties from about us; we should rather trust that he will give us strength to stand fast in all the sad changes and chances of this mortal life. We hope too much for a very peaceful way to Heaven, instead of calling to mind that they who would live godly in this world, shall suffer persecution. But let persecution come! yea, 'though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'"

Lionel clasped Courtenay's hand in his, and looked upon her with, deep solemn tenderness. For awhile he could scarcely trust



himself to speak ; at last, in a low but earnest voice, he said, " The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble ; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee."

"Amen," said Courtenay, bowing her head. And so they took farewell.

When Harry came home that evening Courtenay informed him that she intended visiting her cousin on the following Saturday. Harry at first demurred a little, by reason of the unsettled state of the country, and still more because he could not accompany her himself. At length he yielded to her persuasions, and promised to obtain for her a pass, without which travelling in those days was perfectly unsafe. But, unfortunately, Harry, reckless enough in other matters, was only too solicitous for his sister's safety, and swore, or something very like it, that she should not go unless under the protection of a certain pious old corporal who had lived in the village. Courtenay was utterly discomfited at the idea of being accompanied by a Roundhead soldier ; however, there was no help for it ; the trifling objections she dared to make were all overruled by Harry, and she was obliged to accept the proposal with as good a grace as possible, for fear of giving rise to suspicions that a visit to her cousin was not the primary object of her journey.

She hoped that now, having moreover given him a promise that she would not ride through the town of Bradford, Harry would raise no more difficulties ; but a little while after he suddenly looked up from the book he was reading, and asked, with an expression of keen suspicion in his dark eyes, "Courtenay, what did Lionel Atherton come for to-day?"

"What did he come for? Why, I suppose to pay us a visit, as he often doth. I know not of any other reason," she answered, feeling certain that it was only as an afterthought that Lionel had informed her of his difficulty, yet growing rather hot.

"Well, but prithee, Courtenay, did he not stay here a long while in private conference with you ; and was it not on matters of the most important and confidential kind?"

"Private conference!" she exclaimed, horror-struck, flushing scarlet to the roots of her hair, and then turning ashy pale ; "What mean you?"

"Why, if thou wouldst have me speak

plainly, hath not Lionel been avowing the state of his heart? Eh, Mistress Courtenay? Nay, come now confess ; I swear by those blushing cheeks it must have been so."

"You foolish boy," replied his sister, with a laugh, set completely at her ease, and too joyful at the relief from her fears to rate him for his presumption, "you foolish boy, if that is what you mean, know, Sir Lionel is far too wise to speak a word of such matters to me. Have I not told you before that I never have thought, nor ever could think, of him otherwise than as a friend? As such I do esteem and honor him—nothing more. You rebel and traitor, you are more to me than the most loyal-hearted Cavalier that ever drew a sword for King Charles."

"Mistress, I am highly honored," said Harry, bowing low ; and curiosity and brotherly affection being both satisfied, he returned to his book, which was that pamphlet on passive obedience that had excited Lionel's disgust.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CLAVERTON DINNER PARTY.

ANOTHER day had passed, and now it was the warm twilight of a glowing summer evening. The air was still, and silence seemed to reign as if peace, not war, were in the land. Some time had passed since sunset, but a golden light still lingered in the sky, and on the highest hill-tops, when Harry North rode slowly up the road that led him home from Bath. Ever and anon he gayly hummed snatches of a Cavalier song, dexterously transposed by alterations here and there into verses which perfectly suited his opinions.

He was alone, and the road was very solitary ; but as he turned a sharp corner he saw before him a gentleman, whose plain hat and long, sad-colored cloak betokened his principles. His horse was walking very leisurely, the reins upon its neck, while the rider was plunged into a deep fit of abstraction. Harry quickened his own pace.

"Whither away, John Atherton?" cried he, as he overtook him.

The gentleman addressed started, and turned his head.

"O Harry North, is that you?" he answered, in a tone of surprise unmingled with pleasure. "I am going to Marshfield. I suppose you are on your way home."

"Yes, after a hard day's work. I have had a good ride, a good dinner, and a good fight."

"A fight?"

"Yea, verily," said Harry; "and since thou art going my way, we'll e'en ride together, and I will tell thee the whole history thereof."

John shrugged his shoulders; he was very tired, and greatly preferred his own meditations to Harry's incessant chatter; but having no decent excuse to rid himself of the unwelcome company of his brother-in-arms, he was obliged to submit to what he expected would be a lengthened glorification of the captain's own skill and prowess. He consoled himself with the reflection that they were not far from (to him) the desired haven of peace, Harry's home.

"I have been dining with Mr. Bassett, at Claverton Manor—the large house, you know, with the flights of steps and terrace walks in front, hard by the church. We were a very jolly party: Sir Edward Hungerford was there, and Colonel Sydney, and divers others. Well, we had come to the end of an uncommon good dinner; the wine was on table, and going round pretty freely, too. To speak honest truth, it seems to me the godly love creature-comforts as much as the Cavaliers, if to-day's proceedings are a sample. I was just discoursing with my usual eloquence on the affairs of the nation—you are not listening, John.)—when bang came in a cannon-ball through the wall above the front window, whizzing over our heads, right across the table to the other side of the room. You may suppose that we were all somewhat surprised at being thus assailed upon the sudden. Bassett looked scared out of his wits; but Hungerford started up, and swore he'd take vengeance on the Cavaliers who had insulted gentlemen at their dinner-table. 'Come on, Mr. Bassett,' he cried, drawing his sword; 'come on, gentlemen; we'll have at these cursed Malignants!' And with that we all rushed out with swords drawn; and as we came tumbling helter-skelter down the steps, we caught sight of the morions and carbines twinkling and flashing in the fields down by the river. Thereat we all waxed furious; and I grieve to say there were more oaths sworn than was becoming such godly gentlemen. Our horses were brought out in the courtyard

below, and we were all in our saddles in a trice. There were a few of our troopers about, who came along with us to swell our ranks, and one or two of Bassett's serving-men withal."

"How many were you?" asked John, who, as a soldier, could not but feel some interest in the story.

"Why, there we had the advantage of the enemy: we mustered about fifteen, while they could not have been a dozen; but then they were somewhat better armed; save our troopers, we had not a buff-coat, nor a piece of armor amongst us, and naught but our swords and pistols. Well, we thundered through the village, and down the steep lane leading to the river, and over the grass, at a break-neck gallop. By this time the rascals had passed the ford, and were all drawn up in a large meadow, with the river close in their rear: as we appeared they gave us a warm welcome with their carbines, and one of our troopers, poor fellow, fell dead by my side. But down we came with a shout, falling on hand-to-hand in the smoke, crying, as we rode them down, 'Strike for God and the Parliament!' and I found myself engaged point to point with the tall commander of the Cavaliers, who seemed a man of some quality; so, as we were using our weapons, I asked him if he called himself a gentleman to disturb us at our dinner-table without any provocation; to the which he civilly made answer, by requesting me to go to the devil; then 'Have a care,' quoth I, 'or I'll send you there first;' and with that I fell to again with all my might; and in another moment, rising in my stirrups, I dealt him a blow which disabled his sword arm; luckily for me, I trow, for he was beginning to press me somewhat hard; however, I could not pursue my advantage; for, just in that nick of time, my sword snapped in twain. Then the enemy, disheartened at the fate of their officer, and having spent all their ammunition, broke their line and retreated, leaving behind several hurt, though but one slain outright. In a few minutes more their horses went splashing through the ford, with the water up to their saddle-girths. I would the foul fiend had pitched off one or two of the Malignants into the river, alas we had not the wherewithal, for our ammunition was spent as well as theirs. Well, they marched up Warleigh Hill, where

they had left their cannon, but we could not pursue them, as we should like to have done, as we should thereby have approached the enemy's quarters more nigh than was fitting in our somewhat defenceless condition, so we went back, not in the best of humors, I do assure you. As for William Bassett, I heard him come toiling up the steps swearing like a trooper, instead of a godly Parliament man as he is (though as for his godliness, I should never be surprised to hear of his turning Malignant at any time), however we found consolation in some more wine and strong waters."

"Harry," said John, gravely, "you and some of your friends are not one whit better than the Cavaliers; and if you think you are on the Lord's side, because you are on the side of the Parliament, you deceive yourselves."

"There, there," replied Harry, impatiently, alarmed, as he thought he saw a lecture in prospect; "that will do, John; your exhortations will keep till you get home; and they'll do well enough for Lionel, dear good fellow, he's ungodly enough in all conscience."

John made no reply, but we will give him credit for enough toleration to suppose, that if he made any comparison between the Royalist brother and the Puritan friend, it was decidedly to the advantage of the former.

"By the by," asked Harry, after a short silence, "is Lionel at home?"

"No, he is away, not on the best of errands, I fear; I doubt but what there is some evil design afloat amongst the Malignants, wherein he is engaged."

"Well, it seems to me the devil has been very busy among the Cavaliers of late. Colonel Sydney has just been ordering me to go with him to-morrow, and help him to set a trap to catch some of these wicked ones. I know not who they are, nor aught about them; nor even where we are to meet them. The colonel was very close; but I shrewdly suspect it is something to do with that letter I intercepted."

"What letter?" said John.

"Why, yesterday afternoon, as I was with some of my men betwixt Bath and Bradford, we found a fellow upon the road who looked confoundedly suspicious, and could not give a satisfactory account of himself, so I had

him searched, and found on him a letter, sure enough, but I could make neither head nor tail of it; it was all queer marks and signs, written in cipher, in fact, so I handed it over to the colonel, who was a little on in front. He made very little difficulty about it, I can tell you; the Malignants little think that he has got the key to some of their plaguy ciphers, and can read them off at a glance; ah, he's a clever man that colonel of ours. But 'twas very odd, he never told me a word that was in the letter, but when he had read it, gave me one of his tremendous black looks, I can't imagine why, for I thought I had done my duty admirably; however, he was been very friendly to-day; we talked together all dinner time, and he asked me so many questions about Courtenay, and wants to be introduced to her; and 'pon my honor," continued Harry, in a tone of grave reflection, "he would prove a very eligible match for her; he cannot be much above fifty, and he might convert her from her evil ways."

"Here we separate," said John, the next moment; "good-evening to you, Harry."

The captain returned the salutation, and set off at a round trot up a lane, branching off from the high-road, and leading to his house, which was just visible in the deepening twilight, on the brow of a little hill. The feeling of both the gentlemen was one of devout thankfulness, that their way lay no further together each being heartily sick of the other's company.

It was not many minutes before Harry's horse came clattering through the village, waking up the cottagers from their first sleep, or disturbing them with uneasy dreams of invading Cavaliers. Then dashing up to his own gate, he dismounted, throwing the reins to a servant, and entered the garden, where he found Courtenay.

"How late you are, Harry!" said his sister; "I was beginning to fear you had at last met with your deserts, and had been made prisoner by the Cavaliers."

"Nay," he answered, gayly; "not yet; though, in sooth, I might have been."

"How so?"

"I will tell you all about it presently," said he, as he ran up the steps.

They went into the parlor, where, upon the table, lights were burning dimly. The windows were all open, and long sprays of

honeysuckle crept in, and filled the room with faint perfume.

"How hot it is to-night!" said Courtenay, throwing the casement still further back, "surely, there must be thunder in the air."

"Faith, there'll be thunder in the land before long, if I mistake not."

"What mean you?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Harry, throwing off his hat and cloak.

He looked handsomer than ever to-night; for his cheeks were glowing brightly, and his beautiful eyes flashed with excitement. Moreover, he wore a most becoming dress, which was certainly more befitting a follower of the king than of the Parliament. He was now attired with, if possible, still greater care than usual, as he had been to a dinner-party at the house of the M.P. for the city of Bath. His doublet was of crimson velvet, slashed with white satin, and laced with silver; his glossy auburn hair, in long thick curls, half hid his large Vandyked collar, which was of magnificent point lace, matching with that adorning his wrists; his gilded Toledo rapier hung from a splendidly embroidered sword-belt; and the tops of his wide Spanish leather boots met the deep fringes of his black satin trousers.

Seeing that this was but a specimen of the general style of Harry's costume, and that in his speech and manners he nowise differed from a Cavalier (except of course, when he expressed his political opinions, which were decided enough), it was no wonder that the Puritan ministers shook their closely cropped heads at the mention of his name, and "professed that, verily, Captain North, was a most unsatisfactory character, and feared that he was not one of the Lord's people; for he was always hungering after the flesh-pots of Egypt." What were these grave divines to think of a young man who cocked his plumed hat cavalierly on one side, and who abused Church and king all in the same breath? And glorifying the Parliament had no charm in their eyes, if coupled with swearing at Charles Stuart.

At present the incomprehensible Harry was disposing himself in the most comfortable attitude possible in a large arm-chair. He then once more enjoyed the pleasure of relating the day's adventures, this time to a willing and deeply interested auditor.

Her remarks thereupon betook of the na-

ture of thankfulness at his safety, admiration at his pluck, and horror at the effect of that pluck upon the Royalists.

"I have been talking to Colonel Sydney about you, Courtenay," added Harry.

"About me!" she exclaimed, surprised, and a little startled, at forming a topic of conversation among the Roundheads.

"Yes, I told him I was troubled with a Malignant, ungodly, sister; and that she was as firm as a rock in her evil opinions, and would be shot a dozen times over rather than move an inch. He smiled, and said he hoped he might be introduced to you before long."

Courtenay did not show much pleasure at the anticipation.

"Flatter not yourself that we discussed you all the time: for the Colonel told me something moreover, that I am rather curious about. I am going with him to-morrow—"

Harry stopped short, looking somewhat confused. "The devil! I forgot I was in the presence of a Malignant; I was going to play the traitor with a vengeance. I'll warrant now," he continued eying his sister with a malicious smile, "every word I say goes straightway to Sir Lionel Atherton, and thou art the bird that telleth the matter."

"I neither seek your confidence on these subjects, nor betray it," answered Courtenay, sternly.

"Well, well, my loyal one, I meant not to offend you; 'twas but a jest, thou knowest; in sooth thou art right, dear," said he, looking penitently at her; but her momentary anger had vanished, and she smiled in return.

Then rising from her seat—"It is growing late; I must to bed, as I have this journey before me to-morrow."

"I know not how it is," said Harry, taking Courtenay's hand in his; "I like not the thoughts of this journey to-morrow. Think you it is safe in this troubled state of the country?"

"Safe!" she answered, with a rather uneasy smile. "How can I but be safe under the protection of the right valiant and pious Corporal Johnson? No Roundhead will harm me, for his sake, and no Cavalier will harm him, for mine; so you see we are both safe."

"Well," sighed her brother. "I shall be

confoundedly dull all the time you are away. 'Tis lucky for me that I am going to Bath to-morrow; and maybe I shall have to stay there some time, for I expect there'll be hard work for us all soon."

"I will not stay long, dear; I will come back very soon. But tell me, Harry, what mean all these hints and allusions," she asked, anxiously; "think you there'll be a battle before long?"

"How can I tell?" he replied, determined not to satisfy her. "I am neither Waller nor Hertford. Go and ask your general yourself; you will pass near his quarters to-morrow—nearer than I like, I must say."

"Good-night!" said Courtenay, hastily, thinking that the conversation was beginning to take a dangerous turn. "Good-night, dear," stooping down to kiss him.

She took one of the candles, and left the room, forgetting that, as the other was burned out, she was consequently leaving poor Harry in the dark. So he went after her, and called to the servants for more; and then, standing in the dark hall below, looked up at Courtenay, who had stopped half-way up the broad oak stairs, the light which she held in her hand falling brightly on her gleaming golden hair and snow-white dress.

"Ah! Courtenay, now if I were but one of those smooth courtly poets who are never lacking for verses on the smallest occasion, methinks I could make a very pretty poem on your taking all the light with you, and leaving me in utter darkness, and so make it an emblem of to-morrow's proceedings, and my deep despondency at your departure. By my troth! my comrades will ask, 'Is Saul also amongst the prophets?' when they see my looks of pious melancholy and godly sorrow."

"Why, Harry," she answered, looking down on him with a smile, but there were tears in her eyes he could not see; "would you rather stay in this dreary house with your Malignant sister, than go down to the city, and enjoy the delightful company of psalm-singing colonels and captains?"

"Well, we shall see to-morrow whether I enjoy the society of these said heroes," returned Harry.

"To-morrow," thought Courtenay, as she

slowly ascended the stairs, "what will have happened by this time to-morrow?"

She had spoken gayly and carelessly of her expedition, but a sharp pang darted through her heart at her brother's playful but affectionate lamentations. This farewell might be the last—this departure might be forever; and the fearful thought of what might be Harry's sorrow arose to cloud her quiet gladness at having at last work to do for the cause she loved.

It was, in truth, an awful alternative. On the one hand, she risked all domestic peace and happiness; on the other, liberty and life; and falling into the hands of the Puritan soldiers was not the only danger that she had to dread. If she succeeded in her mission, and returned in safety, henceforward she would always have the uneasy consciousness of possessing a secret which she dared never reveal to him from whom hitherto she had had no secrets, and she must live in constant fear of a discovery whose consequence, she knew, would be a furious outbreak of Harry's wrath—wrath subsiding at length into coldness and reserve; while all his confidence and trust in her would forever have an end, and the cruel fiend of war and discord, from whose approach they thought their home at least was carefully guarded, would enter, and blast and ruin all their joy and comfort.

Yet, though knowing this, she slept that night as if the journey on the morrow were one of mere pleasure, and not as though it were undertaken for the sake of duty in whose performance every thing must be hazarded. The words of faith and fearless trust that she had spoken to Lionel were no mere words—they were the utterance of her heart; and in perfect consciousness of the danger, and in perfect assurance of safety—safety, that is, of her soul, through all the perils of her body—she slept in perfect peace.

That day she had set her house in order, as if she might never return, so fully was she aware of what was to be encountered; and as for all other preparations—the last enemy can never take those at unawares who live as Courtenay lived; the citadel of their mind can never be surprised, to whom the victory over sin and death is given.



## CHAPTER IV.

## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THE morning sun shone bright and hot, though it wanted more than two hours of noon, when Courtenay North and her attendant trooper rode through their native village. So far, every thing had been prosperous; Harry had set off soon after day-break; and the precious packet had been safely received. Courtenay's heart beat high with pride and enthusiasm, glorying in this dangerous mission, in risking all for her church, her king, and her country. Yet, as she glanced back for one more look upon her home, an involuntary sigh escaped her, as she thought it might indeed be the last.

To give the idea of her being a Puritan lady, she was dressed very plainly, in a jacket of black cloth, fitting tightly to her beautiful figure, and a long skirt of the same material; her only ornament being a knot of scarlet ribbon fastening her plain white collar. A black velvet hat and a black plume shaded her fair face and golden curls. She was mounted on a splendid black horse, full of fire and mettle; which was, however, completely under her management, for Courtenay had the reputation of being the best horsewoman in the county.

Close behind her followed Corporal Johnson, an elderly man of severe aspect, rejoicing in the usual Puritan costume of a lofty steeple-hat, almost entirely covering his close-cropped iron-gray hair, an immense white band about his throat, a plain buff coat, and huge leathern jack-boots. He was well armed, a large basket-hilted sword hanging at his side, and pistols being at his holsters.

A lane, narrow and somewhat steep, with banks and high hedges on either side, one tangled mass of wild roses and golden cistus, led down from the village to the high-road, which for several miles lay between cornfields and meadows, lonely and unfrequented; a solitary farmhouse here and there, or a rude cottage, being the only sign of human habitation.

But now the view began to widen; till, as the horses fell into a walk, while beginning to descend the long hill that slopes down to the city of Bath, there spread before the eyes of the travellers, one of the most beautiful scenes in the beautiful neighborhood of the "Queen of the West." On the right

hand rose the lofty heights of Lansdown, a long, extensive table-land. How little thought Courtenay, as she looked upon those peaceful fields, that within a week that "very fair plain" should be strewn with the dead and dying, that luxuriant grass reddened with blood. But to-day the hills rested in their immemorial quiet; now glowing in the light of the early sun, now purple in the shade of some passing cloud. At their foot extended a narrow dell—a miniature mountain pass—richly wooded—with cottages and little church-towers peeping out amidst the trees. In front, nestled in a valley, shone the houses and spires of Bath; "now, alas! loyal and unhappy city," thought the Royalist, "in the hands of merciless rebels." Another range of hills rose behind the town; while furthest of all, just visible in the blue haze, glimmered the distant downs of Wiltshire.

As, after winding for some miles down the road, they neared the city, their silent and solitary path became enlivened with many passers-by. Numerous were the stout farmers, who, with their wives riding pillion behind them, were to be seen jogging to the market; for being Saturday morning, this part of the country was all astir. Presently they fell in with less harmless companions. Several parliamentary troopers passed them, and exchanged greetings with Corporal Johnson. Now, though Courtenay was familiar enough with the sight of these men to look on them in general, with perfect unconcern, yet, as she remembered what she carried in her bosom, she could scarcely help shuddering as she heard behind her the clattering of their horses, and the clashing of their swords.

Our travellers had now reached level ground. Turning to the left and leaving Bath far behind, a few minutes' canter through a little village brought them to the foot of another hill and the entrance of a road that led to Bradford. And now Courtenay's heart was too full of thought and anxiety respecting the important part she had to play, to give much attention to the scenery around, though it was picturesque and romantic to the highest degree. She had leisure to observe only, on the side of an opposite hill, Claverton Manor-house, the scene of Harry's exploits the day before; and she smiled as

she pictured to herself the infuriated Round-heads rushing down the terraces to battle in the fields below.

For the last hour Courtenay had been wondering when would arrive the proper moment to inform the corporal of her intended visit to the inn. A dozen times she had been about to speak, and a dozen times she had checked herself. But as they reached the summit of the hill, and were rapidly approaching Bradford, she looked back, and said, "Corporal Johnson, I should be glad to rest a little while, and so would, doubtless, the horses. We are just coming, I think, to an inn where I have heard there is good entertainment; so we will stop there."

The corporal made no demur; for the thought of the good entertainment prevented all objections which he might have made to halting so near the "enemy's" quarters.

Soon after, a turn in the road brought them in full view of the spot to which all Courtenay's hopes and fears had been directed for the last two days. It was a quaint, gabled, ivy-covered house, with a sign-board flapping to and fro in the breeze; the sign was a crown, which had evidently afforded a mark to many a Puritan soldier, for the board was riddled through and through with shot-holes. As they rode up the courtyard, Courtenay's anxious eyes sought everywhere for some symptoms of the arrival of the Marquis of Hertford; but all was quiet and silent, and there was nothing to awaken the suspicion of her attendant, that any one, Malignant, or otherwise, was at the inn.

The host and his servants came hurrying out to greet them. Courtenay alighted, and ordered her trooper-groom to take the horses himself to the stable, and to see them properly fed and rubbed down. To her great relief, he at once obeyed. She was then ushered into a little parlor, where, refusing all the landlord's numerous offers of refreshment, she was left alone, to wait impatiently for her expected visitor.

The room was small, but cool and shady, and sweet-scented; the furniture very plain, with the exception of a large clock in a handsome oaken frame. The long, low latticed windows looked out into a little garden bright with flowers, whose fragrance, with the humming of a thousand bees, filled the

quiet air. A low hedge separated this garden from an orchard, whose trees darkened the long grass with flickering shadows. And beyond all, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a wide range of meadows.

By this time Courtenay was in a state of high-wrought excitement, which would not let her rest, but kept her pacing up and down the room, starting at every sound, tormenting herself with vague fears—till after some weary minutes, she heard footsteps without, which made her heart beat quickly.

The door opened, and a gentleman entered. He was a middle-aged man of sinister and forbidding countenance, with a deep scar across his swarthy forehead. Whatever conclusion might have been drawn from the very sombre and saturnine expression of his face, his gayly colored dress, and the jaunty air with which his scarlet cloak was thrown over one shoulder, clearly showed to which party he belonged; but it was not the Marquis of Hertford, and Courtenay felt a little uneasy.

With a low bow, he said, "I have the honor of addressing Mistress Courtenay North, I believe. His excellency the Marquis of Hertford being very ill, hath deputed me, who am his secretary, Robert Smith, at your service, mistress," with another bow, "to receive from your hands the despatches wherewith Sir Lionel Atherton hath charged you."

"Sir," replied Courtenay, with some hesitation; "I am truly grieved to hear of his lordship's illness; but is it quite impossible that I should speak with him?"

"Indeed, yes; verily, I believe he is sick unto death."

Courtenay was much perplexed. "I received these papers with strict injunctions to deliver them unto the marquis himself. They contain weighty matter, things of high concernment to his majesty's service. And, sir, you are a perfect stranger to me."

"And you doubtless know also, that it is of the highest importance that they should be delivered at once, else the favorable opportunity may go by, and his majesty's affairs thereby receive prejudice. And let me tell you, mistress," he added, with an air of offended dignity, "that I am his excellency's private secretary, intrusted with all his most important concerns; and matters of greater moment, oftentimes, than any contained in

these papers, I'll warrant. If the marquis could have held a pen, he would have written to you, and so have set your mind at ease."

She did not reply; for once in her life, the resolute Courtenay felt painfully undecided. What was her duty? The secretary's story seemed plausible enough; what more likely than that he should be sent, if the marquis were unable to come himself? Yet something undefinable in the stranger's manner aroused suspicion, and fears filled her mind—fears she hardly knew of what. The knowledge she had of the great importance of the papers still further confused her ideas of what would be the wisest step to take. Though Lionel's charge was strict, yet by keeping to the letter, might she not fail in the spirit of his commands? And what excuse would it be to offer to the general, that she could not trust his secretary? However, right or wrong, something must be done; the time was passing quickly, and Johnson might enter at any moment.

She suddenly remembered having heard Lionel say, that the documents were written in a peculiar cipher, known only to a trusty few among the Royalists. She might then give them to this man, for even should her worst fears be realized, and he should prove unfaithful, they would be utterly useless to him, being unreadable by all unfriendly eyes. And if he should be acquainted with the cipher, what better proof could be given, that he was indeed intrusted by the general?

"Very well," said Courtenay, with a sigh, taking the packet from her bosom; "here are the despatches; they are written in a peculiar cipher, which Sir Lionel told me his lordship knows well."

The secretary took them, but looked much dissatisfied. "Truly I fear his excellency is too ill to be able to understand these; his head wandereth much at times with the height of his fever. I shall have to trouble you to expound them unto me, I fear; that is, if you are acquainted with the cipher, which, maybe you are not,—though I dare say you are apt at this sort of work," said he, with a smile.

Courtenay wondered, the marquis being delirious, that he was able to make the arrangements for his secretary's meeting her at this inn. But here was a fresh difficulty.

This man was evidently, then, not intrusted with all the general's private concerns, and it seemed very unaccountable to her that he should not be able to read the cipher. Could she acquaint this utter stranger, who, for aught she knew, might be—she hardly dared to think what—with the contents of these papers, all important as they were? Lionel's words rang in her ears, "It is of the greatest consequence, that none, not even, for a time, his lordship's officers, should know the exact bearing of some of the secret intelligence which the despatches contain." Remembering this, she grew resolved.

"Sir, I am placed in a difficult position. I cannot think it right to use my accidental power of explaining the despatches, when I call to mind how Sir Lionel Atherton spoke of the injury that might chance to the king's cause, if any one, even of the officers of his excellency's army, should at present gain knowledge of some things mentioned therein. Moreover, what right have I to make myself acquainted with them? It would be a notable breach of trust. No, sir, take these to your master, who, I should think, has sufficient command of his senses to understand somewhat of their meaning."

"But the marquis may be dead by the time I go back; and without any one to decipher them, the papers will be good for naught. I tell you plainly, mistress," he continued, sternly, "if his majesty suffers by this, the fault will lie at your door."

As he spoke, a thought flashed through Courtenay's mind; she was slightly acquainted with a few of the marquis' officers; she would ask to see one of them, using some little stratagem to lengthen her stay at the inn, while he was sent for from the neighboring town. She would then learn from him if the general were really ill, and if this were indeed his secretary.

"I used to know something of one or two of his lordship's officers. I wish I could see them. Is Colonel Ashton at Bradford?"

"Colonel Ashton, mistress," stammered the secretary, looking rather alarmed. "I believe—that is, I think—he was taken prisoner by the Roundheads the other day in a skirmish."

"Indeed! Well, then, is Captain Jones to be spoken with?"

"Yes—no—I mean, he was killed at the

same time. I must pray you to reconsider your resolution; the king's service requires it, time presses, we may be interrupted."

"Where is Major Ford?"

"Really, mistress, I cannot tell; I have not seen him for a long while; I believe he was slain too."

He was getting very confused, and rather red in the face. As he hesitated, Courtenay grew calmer, and still more decided. She liked her visitor less and less. What was there in her simple questions that seemed so to disconcert him? She was determined now, come what would, she would see one of the officers before she yielded.

"Well, sir," she said, at last, emphatically, "unless I can speak with one of these gentlemen, I shall not consent to read the despatches. I will not do it on my own responsibility. I must bid you farewell now, for I wish to be going on my journey."

"Stay a moment," he replied, with a startling change of tone, and rising hastily from his seat; "stay a moment, mistress; perchance I may find other means more powerful for the discovery of these documents. We shall see." So saying, he left the room.

Courtenay felt much alarmed, and was about to follow him, when he re-entered; but with him, to her utter horror and astonishment, three or four soldiers, grim, determined, well-armed, with the fatal Orange scarfs across their breasts.

"I am betrayed! Thank God, I did not yield!" was her exclamation.

"Ha, mistress! the Lord hath delivered you into my hands!" said the pretended secretary, with a bitter sneer. "You thought not to find me a wolf in sheep's clothing—I should say, a sheep in wolf's clothing. But we have found out this foul conspiracy with that man of blood, Hertford. Now, then, young woman, I'll thank you to make short work with these papers; time enough hath been wasted parleying with you."

"You have treated me with the vilest treachery!" cried Courtenay, passionately; then pausing a moment to recover her composure, she added, in a firm tone, "I will give you but one answer; be it a matter of life or death, God helping me, I will abide by it. I will never decipher them."

"Sayest thou so, young woman? maybe thou'lt find it is a matter of life or death;

and then, I reckon, thou'lt sing a different song."

With a mocking smile, he reseated himself at the table, tearing open the packet, and glancing eagerly over its contents; but it was soon evident that he found it impossible to understand them.

The soldiers stood behind, silent and stern, gloomily regarding Courtenay, who, restored to her usual calm dignity from which she had been startled for a moment, followed the officer's example, and took a seat with the utmost composure. Her hands folded resolutely, and her gaze lofty and steadfast, she sat, proudly erect, waiting quietly until he should again address her.

After a short pause, he looked up. "Have you not heard of the resolution of the Parliament as touching women employed as spies or letter-carriers by the enemy?"

"I am quite aware of it," she answered, composedly.

"Then you know of your danger, and how I might righteously cause you to be slain at once. But as I am a merciful man, I offer you full pardon, if you will but explain the cipher. Be advised. I am not to be trifled with. Come, you will accept these conditions, of course; for, I warn you, they are the only ones upon which mercy can be shown you."

"I have already answered you. I will perish rather than betray my trust."

"Very well, young woman, you will soon find out with whom you have to deal. Your life is the forfeit of your obstinate malignity. Yet, I will give you one more chance. Bid Captain North to come hither, Corporal Muggins," said the "secretary" to one of the men, who instantly left the room.

Was then Harry here? How strange—nay, how providential! For might he not have power to save her? What influence might he not have with this man, his brother officer? The very thought of life made her color come and go, her pulses throb feverishly with reviving hope. She was so young to die, life was very sweet, and she had been so happy! More than all—and that thought was agony—how could she leave Harry?

Sick at heart, she waited for his coming; longing for his protection and his help, yet trembling to think of the shock she was about to cause him, and of the terrible ordeal

she knew awaited herself; for how could she endure to see his grief—how could she bear to break his heart?

The minutes passed in perfect silence: she began to fear he would not come: at last, when almost worn out by suspense, she heard without a well-known footstep, and a voice which made her shudder, it rang so merrily, for she knew that in another moment all that joy would be turned into mourning.

The step came nearer and nearer, and now a loud peal of laughter echoed through the passage, which Harry smothered with difficulty as he entered. He gayly sauntered in, his bright eyes perfectly overflowing with mirth; and no sooner did he see the officer, than the old wicked look came over his face, and he began to yawn in the most absurdly exaggerated manner.

"I crave your pardon, Colonel Sydney, I am but just awakened; for I have been, as you commanded me, to hear the godly Sergeant Preach-the-gospel hold forth. 'Pon my honor, sir, you spoke truly when you said it would do me good, for I profess I have been enjoying the sweetest slumbers ever vouchsafed to mortal man. Albeit, I wonder I was able, for the sergeant, in his pious fury, beat a Bible all to pieces, as he was comparing Charles Stuart to Pharaoh, or some of those old Jews."

"Prithee peace, Captain North," replied his superior officer, striving to look stern, though he could hardly hide a smile; "I fear thou art but a carnal-minded young man. But no more of this now. Know you that young woman?"

Harry turned, and saw his sister, who had risen from her seat and crept noiselessly to his side while he was speaking. "Courtenay, you here?" he exclaimed, lost in amazement.

She threw her arms round him. "O Harry, thank God you are come, that I may see you once more before I die. But save me, if you can, for the sake of Heaven," she whispered, her composure almost forsaking her at the sight of that dear brother, upon whom, she thought she was soon to look for the last time on earth.

"Die! save you! what means this? how came you here, Courtenay? Sir! Colonel Sydney! tell me instantly the meaning of all this!" he cried, looking perfectly aghast.

"If thou wilt hold thy peace, Captain North," coolly answered the colonel, "I will expound the matter unto thee. The Lord be praised for helping us to discover the secret counsel of the wicked; for that letter which you intercepted the other day, and gave unto me, was from that traitor Lionel Atherton—who as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour—and appointed this place for your sister to meet the arch-Malignant Hertford, and to give unto him despatches from the aforesaid Atherton. So I, being determined to defeat their deeds of darkness, came hither disguised as Hertford's secretary. I hoped thereby to gain, besides the papers, some intelligence about a few things I wished to know; but the damsel proved refractory, so I called in my men. I told her of the death that awaited her according to the resolution of the Parliament; but, as I am willing to show justice tempered with mercy, and, as I had feared, the despatches are written in a cipher with which I am not acquainted, I offered her life and liberty, would she but expound these papers, for she confessed that she was able to do so. But she obstinately refuseth; her eyes are blinded, she will not listen to reason; so she must die in her sins; her blood be upon her own head. Howbeit, I bethought me when I saw thee yesterday, that being her brother, peradventure thou mightest have power with her to turn her from destruction; and for this cause I commanded thy presence hither. I will give thee leave awhile to confer with her."

An awful change had been wrought in Harry's face in those few minutes. It was pale with horror, stern with grief and anger, when he fixed his flashing eyes on his sister, and said, with white and quivering lips, "Courtenay!" not another word could he speak at first.

Furious with Lionel for having engaged her in such a scheme, and with Colonel Sydney for not having before made known its discovery; bitterly grieved with Courtenay for having consented to deceive him; amazed and horror-struck at the danger in which she stood, knowing that Colonel Sydney's word was law, and his purpose immovable, and fearing that Courtenay's strong loyalty to her cause and indomitable will would not waver because of this danger, he stood speechless for awhile, for no words could he



find adequately to express the passions which raged within him.

A gulf seemed suddenly to have opened at his careless feet. How could he have been so insanely blind as not to have discovered the real purpose of his sister's journey, and of Colonel Sydney's scheme? And, horrible reflection, by having unwittingly intercepted Lionel's letter, he had been partly accessory to Courtenay's dreadful situation.

At last, remembering that only a few minutes would be allowed him to converse with his sister, he addressed her, but in more of anger than of love. "Courtenay, is this so? Courtenay, are you mad? Has your devotion to Charles Stuart turned your brain? How dared Lionel Atherton engage you in his accursed plots? How dared you think of taking his papers? You have betrayed and deceived me, you have, Courtenay—you who never played me false before! Do you know what you are about? Do you know that Colonel Sydney means truly what he says? Do you know that you are in danger of your life? Your life!" His voice faltered; he put out his trembling hand and clutched hers convulsively.

"Courtenay, speak, speak; say at once you will; speak 'tis not too late. See, Colonel Sydney promises to pardon every thing if you will but explain the cipher; he asks only this little thing. And what is it to you; what matters king or Parliament to you? you are worth more than all to me,—speak, Courtenay, darling!" he cried with growing terror, as he saw her look of unconquerable determination.

Then sternly, as though he would have subdued her by his authority, "Do you hear what I say? Why answer you not? You must not—nay, I swear you shall not refuse! you shall instantly do what I command you. Colonel Sydney, of course, my sister will read the papers unto you; here, let me have them."

He turned towards the table, and was about to try and seize the despatches from the colonel, when his impetuosity was checked by his sister's hand laid firmly on his arm.

Harry's grief and anger were to Courtenay far more terrible than all the colonel's threats: and she could look on death, unmoved, but not on her brother's passionate,

imploping face. Fear was powerless, but love was mighty. But with a silent cry for help and strength, she answered, gently, "You would not have me betray the trust reposed in me? You would not have me value life more than honor? You would not have me unworthy of being your sister?"

"You have betrayed the trust I reposed in you," wildly broke in Harry; "and what care I for that false traitor, Lionel Atherton? The treacherous villain, what right had he to interfere in our household, and send you on his infernal errands? Is your promise to him of more value to you than all you owe to me? He is not your brother; he is naught to you, so you said but the other day; you said—but I have no longer faith in your words; he has taught you to deceive me! May curses light upon him and his plots! I would I had him here," muttered Harry, with still deeper imprecations between his clenched teeth.

"If you love me not, at least you shall obey me. Explain these papers directly, Courtenay. I command you. Do it at once."

"Shall I not obey God rather than man?" she replied in the tone that never failed to quell her brother. "Harry, you have spoken words to me I never thought to have heard from your lips. But I will bear every thing from you now. And I will do every thing for you that I may. This I cannot, and I will not do. You have wronged me, but I will not think of this; you have wronged Sir Lionel far more. It was by no entreaty or desire of his that I undertook to give his papers to the Marquis of Hertford; he was loth to let me go; 'twas I that offered to take them, and I that prevailed upon him against his will to send me; he would not consent at first, 'twas all my doing; you should not blame him, blame me if you will. Mine own Harry," she exclaimed, in a voice of passionate tenderness; "you know I love you; you know it in your heart, though you have doubted it in words you ought never to have uttered; think you that for Sir Lionel Atherton's sake I would have done aught to anger you? Nay, in truth, for him alone I never would have taken his despatches; I owe, indeed, more to you than to him; Sir Lionel is naught to me; I repeat it; you are more to me than all—all but my God and my king. And for the good cause I am ready, yea willing, to

suffer; the Lord will help me to be faithful unto death. My brother, you must let me go; I was prepared for this. I knew what to look for if discovered. But, O Harry, Harry! may God help me now, this is worse than death," she murmured, for he had clasped her hands tightly, and was looking in her face with such an agony of supplication, that she had need in truth of strength more than human to resist saying the word that would change his piteous grief into an ecstasy of joy and gratitude.

He besought her as though he was pleading with her for his life. "Courtenay, sister, have you no pity? Is this your love? Will you leave me all alone—me, your only brother? Have you no pity for me? Have I not cared for you more than for any other being upon earth? Have I not made your life as happy as any life can be? Has any one loved you as I have? Is this the way you repay me for what I have done for you? Will you break my heart? If all is forgotten, then by the love of our dead mother, by the love of heaven, I entreat you."

"O brother!" she cried, pale and trembling, in bitter anguish, but with unshaken resolution; "I pray you peace; make not our parting harder with words like these. Mine own darling, Heaven knows what you have been to me; for your sake I would live, but for the sake of God and my king, I must die. I know I owe almost every thing to you, much love and duty; but more—"

"Is it your duty to set me thus at naught?" exclaimed Harry, passionately; "you talk about your love and duty, why do you not show them? Why do you not obey me? Fool that I was to believe a woman's words, when were they aught but false! False and hard-hearted you are, like the rest of your sex, cruel and ungrateful; you are no sister of mine! I am wearied of asking you, but you shall answer me now—tell me, yes or no, will you explain the cipher?"

"No," she replied, sternly, the color rushing back into her cheeks at words such as none had ever before dared to utter to Courtenay North—words that at another time she never would have borne.

Then Harry, with a frantic cry, "Die, then, rash girl, die in your folly!" broke from her, and was about to rush from the room, when, turning back for a last look,

the next instant he had clasped her in his arms, in a passion of sobs and tears.

"O Harry, Harry, what mean ye to weep and to break my heart!"

Her anger could not survive his; and again and again she kissed him, and strove, but all in vain, to soothe him in his agony of grief.

Colonel Sydney became impatient. He had been perplexing himself with the papers, until he grew savage with being baffled in all his attempts to read them. "I will wait no longer. Have you made up your mind, young woman? Have you considered well what your brother hath been saying? Here are the despatches; decipher them, and you shall have your liberty at once. I ask you once more, and I warn you, it is for the last time. Will you accept my terms?"

"And once more I answer, Never," said Courtenay, with dauntless courage.

"Very well—Corporal Muggins, let two files load and draw up—"

Harry sprang forward and caught hold of the officer's arm, "For God's sake, Colonel Sydney, hear me! If you have the heart of a man, have pity on my sister! Show mercy if you would have mercy shown you in your last hour! God deal with you as you deal with her! Have you no pity for a woman? O Colonel Sydney, think, think if it was your sister!"

"Young man," he answered, haughtily, "your language is most unbecoming. Have I not once and again offered your sister mercy, and hath she not as often obstinately refused it? And is it not the will of the Lord that we should utterly destroy and root out the wicked from the land, both man and woman, young and old, with the edge of the sword? I must not do the Lord's work negligently. Moreover, you fail in your respect to the Parliament—"

"D—n the Parliament!" cried Harry, almost beside himself.

The colonel started, and for a moment looked utterly astounded, while the soldiers stood petrified with horror at beholding, as they thought, the discovery of Captain North's concealed malignancy, and cast up their eyes to heaven, as if expecting some awful judgment to fall at once upon the offender.

"O Captain North," said Sydney, with a

sarcastic smile, speaking in his usual cool tone, and affecting not to be surprised, though in truth he was much so; "you have, then, at last shown yourself in your true colors, have you? I thought as much. I can see through it all; you are in league with the Malignants as well as that Jezebel, your sister. Very well, young man. I shall report you at head-quarters; you may be sure of that. And verily, I doubt not but what you will be hanged as a spy. Now, sir, give up your sword. Do you hear me, Captain North? give up your sword, instantly!"

Harry drew his sword. His first impulse was to plunge it into the colonel's heart; but a second thought convinced him of the madness of striving against such fearful odds; and, taking his weapon by the point, he sullenly presented it to his superior officer.

Sydney took it; then turning to his corporal, "Cause the men to load and draw up in the field at the back of the house—hold, I will see to it myself. Two of you stay here to guard the prisoners."

"Colonel Sydney," cried Harry, with one more frantic effort to save his sister—"shoot me, take my life if you will, but spare hers! Oh, spare her, have pity on us both—" He could not speak for tears; and, in his extremity, he fell on his knees, and seized the colonel's hand.

"Peace, young man," answered Sydney, stern and unmoved as ever, roughly snatching away his hand from Harry's grasp; "peace, if you would not have me order the soldiers to remove you from the room. Nay, not another word; be silent, I command you," he added, as Harry was about again to implore mercy.

Silent and despairing, Harry rose; with one look at the colonel—such a look, that Sydney, unable to meet the gaze of those piercing eyes, turned away, and went up to Courtenay, who, if anxious for the success of her brother's entreaties, was still more so that he should not by them further provoke the displeasure of his colonel.

"Woman, I have offered you mercy; you know the consequences of your refusal. See," he continued, pointing to the time-piece which stood opposite, "it wanteth ten minutes to the hour. When it striketh, you die." With these words he left the room.

Harry threw himself into a chair, cover-

ing his face with his hands, perfectly exhausted by the violence of his emotion; while Courtenay, kneeling beside him, laid her head upon his shoulder.

"You will not refuse my last request?" she whispered.

He could not speak; but removed one hand from before his face, and put it into hers.

"You will forgive Sir Lionel? You will not think he has had any share in this?" 'Twas all mine own doing, and I alone must bear the consequence. I pray you, dear brother, not to reproach him; he will have sorrow enough. And tell him, if he blames himself, which in truth, I fear he will, not to grieve for me; for I die joyfully for God and my king, and say that it is through no fault of his that I was brought to this; and if it were, I would freely forgive him. Poor Lionel!" she sighed, as something told her in her inmost heart that though he was naught to her, yet she was very much to him. "Harry, you will promise?"

He was silent.

"Harry, my dying request!"

"I promise," he murmured, almost inaudibly.

"But, oh?" he cried, bitterly, suddenly raising his head, and clasping his hands; "if there be a God in heaven, he will execute vengeance upon your murderers! You shall be avenged!"

"Not by your hand, Harry! and I pray God rather to forgive them, and to turn them from the error of their ways."

"Courtenay!" exclaimed Harry, a moment after, with a look of passionate love and sorrow, "can you forgive me?"

"You, Harry! what have I to forgive? Have you not always been the kindest of brothers?"

"It was my doing," he answered, in a stifled voice; "you know—'twas I who intercepted the letter—'twas I who betrayed you to your enemies. Would to God I had died first!" he groaned. "But I knew not what I was doing. I thought it was my duty. Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

"Sweetheart, indeed I forgive you. You could not tell; how could you? You thought it right to act as you have done. And Harry, you will forgive me, when, in times past, I have been unkind or hasty—"

"Courtenay, Courtenay!" he cried, with

a fresh burst of grief; "speak not like this! you will break my heart! you have ever been the best of sisters! Oh, what shall I do? How shall I live without you? And I have been very wrong; I have spoken such cruel, unkind words; I knew not what I said, in truth I meant them not; darling, you know I love you more than all the world besides."

She checked his further self-reproaches with a kiss. "Think no more of it, dear; I know you spoke thus only because you cared for me."

Harry said no more; but passionately pressed his sister to his heart, then turning away, he again buried his face in his hands, and seemed to fall into a stupor of despair. He had been revolving in his mind wild projects of escape; but convinced of the utter impracticability of all, he felt that now there was no hope. An awful silence filled the room.

The clock struck one.

The hour had come. Courtenay must die.

She heard, and rose from her knees. Taking Harry's hand in hers, she said, softly, "Come."

"Nay," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper; "I cannot; it would kill me. Yet, oh, that I could die too!"

"Even must it be so? Then, sweetheart, may God help us now to say farewell."

"No, no," he cried, vehemently, starting to his feet, "they shall not separate us! they shall not take you from me! I will come."

And so Courtenay, with Harry clinging to her arm, and guarded by the two soldiers, went forth to die.

In a little field at the back of the house, shaded by trees, the men were drawn up with loaded carbines, waiting for their victim.

She came with firm step and regal bearing; the color had not left her cheek, nor the brightness her eye, and involuntary exclamations of wonder and admiration escaped many of the beholders.

"Verily, Brother Habbakkuk," whispered one soldier to another, "I marvel to see a woman meet death with such bravery. Were I the colonel now, methinks I could find it in my heart to pardon her, which I never thought to say of a Malignant. Howbeit,

as Saul displeased the Lord by sparing Agag, the king of the Amalekites, peradventure I might have transgressed in this thing."

"Young woman," said Colonel Sydney, coming forward to meet her, "though it be at the eleventh hour, yet even now will I show you mercy, if you will but repent and hearken unto my council."

"Trouble me not," she answered; "I am ready to die. Yet one favor I would ask; my brother hath displeased you, but I pray you forgive him, he knew not what he said; he meant not to anger you; he was led away by his feelings. I will answer for it he is no Royalist; he is faithful to the Parliament, believe me. I beseech you grant this my dying request, that he may not have sorrow upon sorrow."

"Nay, verily," he sternly replied; "the young man hath trespassed grievously; it is meet that he should be made an example of. Yet hold—I will pardon him, if you will read the despatches; albeit, he deserveth heavy punishment. Perchance for your brother's sake you will consent?"

"God forgive you," was her answer, while an expression of bitter grief passed over her face, "for refusing the last prayer of a dying woman. I have now but one more word to say; I die as I have lived, loyal to my church and my king."

She left the colonel, and went towards Harry, who was leaning against a tree, almost unconscious of what was passing around him. "Mine own dear brother, farewell; may God bless you, and comfort you, my darling!"

"Sweetheart," he whispered faintly, as he embraced her for the last time, "you have been the best sister that ever a man had—the comfort of my life—I have not loved you as I should. O Courtenay, I am dying—"

He swooned away, and would have fallen; but his sister caught him in her arms, and assisted by one of the soldiers, laid him on the ground. She longed to bring him back to life; but she might not stay, the colonel could scarcely control his impatience, and it was better so. Harry was thus mercifully spared a sight which would have been present to his eyes for evermore.

So with one look she turned; and felt that now the bitterness of death was passed,

and the fiery ordeal was over. Now earth, and all its sufferings, were left behind, and heaven and all its glories were before her.

They placed her on the spot where she must kneel, and were about to bind her eyes, but she so earnestly prayed that she might look death face to face, that the colonel, seeing her unshaken courage, granted her this little favor.

And now all was ready, and Sydney, placing a handkerchief in her hand, instructed her to give the death signal by letting it drop.

Falling on her knees, for a moment she looked steadfastly up into heaven. Then with a joyful smile, and a firm voice, she cried, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted. I shall never be confounded."

And with these words she gave the sign.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### CONFLICTS WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

STILL the sun shone throughout that summer day, till, as he declined towards the west, his rays filled a little room with splendor, and rested in solemn glory on the face of one who had no more need of sun and moon, for the Lord was unto her an everlasting light.

She slept on a rude couch where rough and untender hands had hastily laid her; she slept with hands meekly folded on her bosom; her face was pale but very placid in its deep repose, and the smile of joyful triumph with which she had departed was not faded from her lips.

There was great stillness in the house. The Puritan soldiers in the rooms below moved quietly, and spoke little. They had taken her life without compunction, yet their hearts misgave them, and they talked in whispers of the deed they had done that day, and of its swift and sure retribution.

But suddenly and violently was the silence broken by the trampling of horses, loud shouts, and the sharp rattle of musketry. A cry ran through the house, "To arms! the Cavaliers are upon us!" And a cry answered without, "For God and the king!"

The Royalists carried every thing before them. The startled parliamentary troops made a short but fierce resistance: firing from the windows and defending themselves with desperate energy from those who forced an entrance into the house. But in a few

minutes they were overpowered, and all made prisoners. The fight was soon over, and the Cavaliers took possession of the inn. Never did conquest give so little joy or triumph to the victors.

It was not long before a strange silence seemed again to have fallen upon the house. Then the door of the chamber of death opened very gently, and Sir Lionel Atherton entered.

He came with quiet step, as if he feared to wake her from her sleep, or as if he trod on holy ground. He stood for a little while and looked upon the pallid, saintly countenance so lovely in life, but still more lovely in death—the countenance of her whose life, dearer to him than his own, had been lost through his instrumentality.

All doubt was over now; suspense had ended in an awful certainty. The dreary gloom had deepened into a night of darkness and despair.

Clasping his hands over his tearless eyes, he knelt beside her in perfect stillness; and God alone knew the mortal agony of those moments, and his whole soul was filled with a tumult of passionate self-upbraidings.

"How could I let her go? I am her murderer! I, who would have died for her!"

So there he knelt and prayed for death—death his only hope—death which to him was life indeed. Of such anguish who shall dare to speak? and who shall dare to approach too curiously the holy, awful presence of grief and death?

He never knew how long it was, for he soon lost consciousness of the outer world; but after a time, which had seemed to him an eternity of suffering, he was recalled to himself by rapid footsteps without. Listening for a moment, he recognized the sound.

Lionel was a brave man; yet as he thought that in another moment he should be confronting Harry North, his very blood ran cold. Recovering himself with a great effort, and summoning up all his courage, he determined to go forth and meet him; for he feared that words might be spoken which would desecrate the sanctity of the place where he was standing. So with a firm resolution that let Harry say what he would he would bear it patiently, he opened the door, though his hand shook so that he could scarcely turn the handle, and went out. A



few paces in the dimly lighted corridor brought him face to face with the man whom he had most fatally injured, but whom, next to his brother, he most deeply loved.

It would have been but little wonder had he failed to recognize his old companion; for three hours had altered him as thrice three years might have failed to do. He looked the mere wreck of the once "handsome Harry North;" and if the change in his countenance was great, that in his thoughts and feelings was still more appalling.

As their eyes met, Harry started violently.

"Sir Lionel Atherton, are you here?" he cried, coming close up to him, clenching his fists, and speaking in a voice half choked with fury. "Accursed villain, are you come to look on her whom you have murdered? Dare you enter my presence—dare you meet her brother? Have you no shame—no fear? Have you no value for your life? I have promised *her*—or," cried Harry, with a tremendous oath, "you should not live another hour."

Lionel looked up quickly. No word that Harry had spoken was heeded by him in comparison to one; and a little gleam of hope suddenly lightened the thick darkness of his despair.

"Promised!" he exclaimed in wild eagerness; "tell me, for Heaven's sake, what promise; to whom gave you a promise?"

For a moment Harry stood irresolute.

"For her sake, tell me?"

Then his pride gave way; he was not capable of the cruelty of leaving that almost frantic prayer unanswered; and what would he not have done for *her* sake? So he replied, but with awful sternness.

"With her dying breath she sent you her forgiveness—you, her murderer! Nay, more—she said 'twas not your doing; but God knows it was! I may not avenge her, but he will!" He turned abruptly, fearful lest in another moment all her words should be forgotten, and the slight barrier of his self-control should be swept away in an overwhelming torrent of passion.

"Harry, hear me speak," Lionel implored, in such a tone of agony, that Harry, despite himself, was forced to pause and listen. "Harry, bear with me a little—I confess it all—it was my doing—I am her murderer, though I would have died rather

than that a hair of that blessed head should have been harmed. I dare not ask you to forgive me—though, thanks to Almighty God, she has forgiven me; but, by the suffering you endure, have a little pity for me. You do not mourn alone. I know how you loved her; but what is your love to mine? Your loss is great; but I have lost my all." His voice faltered, but no tears came to his relief; and, after a moment, he added, in a tone of calm despair, "I have no hope in this world. What is there left for me to live for? God grant that death be not far off!" He was silent; he clasped his hands, and his head sank heavily upon his breast.

Harry was strangely moved, and a sudden revulsion of feeling took place in his really generous heart. Could he see the man, whom once he had so loved and honored, crushed, heartbroken, bowed down by the same sorrow which had darkened all his own life—could he see this, and add bitterness to that sorrow? Again those dying words seemed sounded in his ears, "Forgive Sir Lionel!"—and had not the promise he had given all the sanctity of an oath? Yet how could he forgive what appeared to him the foulest, cruelest, treachery; had not Lionel sinned beyond forgiveness? Harry paced hurriedly up and down the corridor in a storm of conflicting emotions; his better nature struggling with evil passions for the mastery. He had thought he hated Lionel unto death—he had thirsted to take his life; but the deep affection he had felt from childhood for his best and kindest friend was still a living power.

At last he again approached Lionel, who all this while had remained motionless as a statue, and said, in a voice of passionate reproach, "Lionel, how can I forgive you?—you whom I have loved and honored above all men. How have you repaid me? You have betrayed and deceived me—you have murdered her whom you say you love! O Lionel, Lionel, whom I once called my friend, who was to me as a brother, could the deadliest enemy have more cruelly injured me? If naught else could have kept you from deceit and treachery, ought not honor? Think you, Sir Lionel," asked Harry, his wrath again rising—"think you that your honor is unimpeachable in this matter?"

Lionel proudly raised his head, and the blood rushed crimson to his ashy cheeks.

"Yes, Harry," he answered, firmly, "I do think that my honor is unimpeachable in this matter. I would not willingly give you pain; but the respect that is due to myself, and the honor of my house demand that I should reply to you. The duty I owe to God is above the duty I owe to any man or woman, be they who they may; and what I did I believed—yes, and do believe—was in accordance with that higher duty. I have but done for my cause what, I doubt not, you or any other honest man of your party would have done for yours. There were no other means of sending the despatches; I had no messenger. I could not take them myself, for I had received an imperative call to serve my cause elsewhere. If it had not been for her—for that devotion too lofty for me even to give it a name—the king's service might have suffered serious injury. I, indeed, did waver at the first—my courage failed me. I thought it enough to risk my own life—I thought it hard to be compelled to hazard something so infinitely more precious; but she knew her duty better than I did mine. She bade me send her on this mission, and I dared not disobey her command, which was the command also of mine own conscience."

"Duty?" repeated Harry, in a tone of bitter scorn; "this comes of those accursed notions which you call loyalty! Was it your duty—was it honorable in you to engage my sister in any scheme to further the interests of that party against which you knew I had drawn my sword—any scheme to injure my cause? What right had you to do this? And more than all—how dared you engage her in any scheme which you knew to be hazardous to her life? You knew the danger, yet you let her go! No matter that she sided with the king, how dared you forget that she had a brother who served the Parliament—a brother who would exact a heavy reckoning with you for this? Sir Lionel, you owe your life to her whose death you caused."

"Harry," Lionel replied, with mournful firmness, "her life was dearer to me than the whole world; but the cause of God and my king is still more dear. For that cause I have dared to hazard all; and if any thing yet remains for me to lose, for that cause I will dare to hazard it."

Harry was silent for a moment; then continued in a milder tone,—

"But tell me, Lionel, should you not have remembered my principles and respected them? I remembered yours; but it was only to respect them; for when was my friendship for you changed by our difference in opinion? Did I not love you and trust in you as though we had been fighting side by side? There were some who doubted my integrity because I did thus love and trust so notorious a Malignant; but what cared I for that? Did I not confide in you wholly, unsuspectingly? was not my trust in you unbounded?—you whom I thought the soul of truth and honor! O Lionel, was ever friend so faithful to thee as I have been? Would to God thou hadst been as faithful unto me! You have brought ruin on us all: tell me, how can I forgive you."

Lionel made no reply, but he felt that at that moment he would gladly have laid down his life to gain that for which his stricken soul hungered and thirsted—Harry's forgiveness.

But during that short silence, as he stood waiting for an answer, suddenly and heavily did the accuser's conscience smite himself. Was there naught for which he needed pardon? Had he no share in that day's work?—a lesser share, indeed, than Lionel's, but still enough to cause him a lifelong sorrow and remorse. Had it not been for the unconscious treachery of the brother, whose duty and whose joy it was to protect her from the slightest injury, might she not, at this very minute, have been living, her safety and her liberty secure?

"Lionel," he murmured, in broken accents, as the torture of that horrible remembrance wrung the confession from him, "you know not all. I am not wholly guiltless, though my guilt is naught to yours, for I did it ignorantly; you saw the consequences from the beginning. But I cannot speak of this; it kills me to think of it. Accursed be those, whoever they be, who have wrought these cruel divisions between us all!"

Tears filled his eyes and choked his voice, and his slight frame was convulsed with passionate sobs. Turning hastily away, he quitted Lionel and again paced the corridor with trembling steps. He had not seen his sister since his recovery from that merciful

swoon which had deadened the agony of parting, and he longed to enter the little room where she was laid to rest; but he dared not, he felt he had no right to look upon that countenance, to him so sacred, with her dying charge yet unfulfilled. He had not yet forgiven Lionel.

Yes: he might forgive Lionel, but could he forgive Colonel Sydney?

At that sudden, startling remembrance of the man whose greater offence had been for awhile lost sight of in his wrath at Lionel's lesser offence, every thing else was forgotten, and all Harry's better thoughts were swallowed up in one wild desire—a frenzied craving after the blood of him by whom Courtenay's had been shed. Mentally vowing that he would be avenged or die, he retraced his steps rushed past Lionel, and ran swiftly down the stairs.

But no sooner had he reached the hall below, than a second thought checked his headlong course. He was a prisoner and unarmed, and how could he obtain the needful weapons? Harry stamped upon the ground, and gnashed his teeth with the fury of a wild beast who sees himself deprived of his lawful prey. Was he thus to be defeated; was the cup of sweet revenge thus to be dashed from his very lips!

He was standing in the vestibule of the inn. It was a scene of the wildest disorder, bearing evidence that if the recent fight had been short, at the same time it had been hotly contested. The front door was battered down, and the threshold stained with a pool of blood. Here and there the walls had been perforated with bullets, and the floor was everywhere strewn with broken glass and fragments of shattered furniture. As Harry looked impatiently around, his quick glance was suddenly arrested, and his keen eyes glittered, for amongst all this confusion there lay a brace of pistols, carelessly flung upon a chair. Not a soul was near, and the sentinel Harry saw, through the broken window, walking up and down the courtyard, could not observe the movements of those within. He darted towards the pistols, seized them eagerly: they were loaded, and Harry's face lighted up with a smile of fearful joy. And now to find the colonel.

Entering impatiently, one of the numerous passages of the rambling old house, he saw a Royalist soldier pacing to and fro,

and instantly concluding him to be placed there as a guard, he accosted him with, "Where is your prisoner, Colonel Sydney?"

The man hesitated a moment, his suspicions half aroused by Harry's fierce tone and impetuous manner; but, upon the question being authoritatively repeated, the sentinel, knowing him to be the friend of Sir Lionel Atherton, pointed to a door at the further end of the passage.

How Harry's heart beat as he looked around the room occupied by the colonel! Its very atmosphere quickened the growth of his desire for vengeance; for it was the very room which, not three hours before, he had entered, in the unsuspecting innocence of his heart, gay and happy, full of buoyant life and spirits: and here, the next moment, all his mirth had fled forever, and his very blood was frozen at those few words spoken by the colonel with cruel calmness; and, more than all, here—yes, here—in his misery, he had humbled himself to kneel at the colonel's feet and pray for mercy; and here—should he not remember that?—here had he been repulsed with haughty scorn; and here the hour of death had sounded; and from here he had gone forth to see his sister die. She never would return! But he had returned, and should it not be as her avenger!

Utterly unconscious of the terrible emotions he was exciting, Sydney was quietly seated, his back towards Harry, at that very table on which, a little while ago, he had outspread, with such exulting joy, those tempting, but, as he soon found, incomprehensible, despatches of Sir Lionel Atherton. His elbow resting on the table, his head upon his hand, his dark brows bent into a harsher frown than ever, and his thin lips compressed, the prisoner seemed lost in gloomy thought. And good cause had he, indeed, for unpleasant reflections. He had laid his plans skilfully and well, and had spared no pains in their execution; and to be baffled by a woman: it was gall and wormwood! And he had reckoned, too, so confidently on success. Holding, as he did, Captain North, in the slightest estimation, as a "silly boy," he had quite expected to find that his sister possessed a strong family likeness to him, and that from her his artfully assumed disguise would easily draw forth, not only the much-desired packet, but hosts of confidential secrets, and the whole

history of Sir Lionel and his plots. And if, by any chance, this should not answer, there were plenty of strong arguments to fall back upon. And what woman's resolution would not be scattered to the winds by the sight of a single loaded carbine, more especially if followed up by a brother's authoritative commands or loving entreaties, as the case might be? But every thing had failed; and he, a man and a soldier, had been defeated by a woman! Shame and dishonor! "But I did conquer her, and she has met with the punishment that her treachery so richly merited." There was little consolation in that, however. It was an easy thing to conquer bodily strength which, compared to his own, was weakness; an easy thing to slay the defenceless and unarmed; but it was no easy thing, nay, he was powerless to bend the steadfast will of her who, in the majesty of strength that indeed was superhuman had bid defiance to his threats, and had given a welcome to her fate, knowing that in death she could serve her cause as she never could in life. He was defeated, and he knew it.

Moreover, the poor colonel had other causes of complaint. At the very moment of his leaving the inn, on his return to headquarters, he had been surprised by that meddler, plotting Sir Lionel Atherton. Overpowered, and made prisoner with all his men, the despatches had been torn from his careful guardianship, and restored to their rightful owner. He was not allowed his liberty on parole; and he had reason to be thankful for the smallest mercies, for the officer of the troop which had accompanied Lionel from Bradford swore that, if it had not been for the promise of quarter, which he deeply regretted he had given, long before this Sydney should be hanging from the nearest tree, as having his brains blown out was far too great an honor for such a man.

But the colonel's adventures for that day were not yet over. The slight noise of Harry's entrance aroused him from his reverie: he turned, and rose hastily to his feet. There was something in the look of the "silly boy" that for a moment blanched his cheeks, and made him quail; but he recovered himself immediately, and, haughtily drawing himself up, said, in his old sarcastic tone, "To what am I indebted for this honor, Captain North?"

The very sound of Sydney's voice raised

a storm in Harry's breast; it needed all his self-control to check the withering curses which rose to his lips; but the remembrance of the sentinel without, and the necessity of keeping himself tolerably quiet if he would execute his purpose, prevented him from making any reply until he had shut the door, locked it, and put the key into his pocket—a proceeding which somewhat disconcerted the colonel. Then, striding up to his antagonist, he presented him with the brace of pistols, and said, in a low, emphatic voice, "Take one, and defend yourself. We do not both quit this room alive."

"Captain North!—this to me?" cried the colonel. "Know you to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, I do know, indeed, to whom I am speaking! and the world shall not hold us both another hour!"

For a moment Sydney wavered. Should he summon the guard, and consign Harry to his care as a raving maniac, to be pitied, but at the same time to be closely watched? But pride prevailed, and the desire of riding himself from a troublesome enemy—for the colonel always hated those whom he had injured. "So be it, then," was his calm answer, as he took the pistol from Harry's hand.

"And now," continued the latter, retreating a few steps, his eye steadily fixed upon the colonel, while his hand pointed to the clock—"and now, colonel, do you see that clock? Do you remember what you said?—'*When it striketh, you die.*' In another moment it will strike again: let that be our signal now."

Sydney assented with a haughty bow; and in silence the two men took up their positions, facing each other with looks of undying hatred.

How long those moments seemed to Harry, as he stood waiting for the appointed signal, again listening for the striking of that fatal clock which had rung Courtenay's death-knell! Whose death would it toll for now? As he asked himself that question his face grew even paler than before, his hands trembled, and he shuddered in an agony of fear. But it was fear of himself, not of his enemy; for dared he live—still more, dared he die—with that awful load of guilt upon his conscience? Nay, for the sake of her for whom he had gone thus far,

he could go no further. "Not by your hand, Harry!"

He had just time to form a sudden resolution, that, notwithstanding the shot which he knew would be aimed at his heart, he would return it by firing in the air, when the signal was given. The sound of the first stroke of the clock was drowned in the sharp report of Sydney's pistol; and Harry, vainly attempting to fire his own, staggered, and fell heavily on the ground.

Was he dead? The colonel did not stay to look; he saw only the still loaded pistol lying on the ground. Quick as thought he stooped down, snatched it greedily from Harry's unresisting grasp, and darted to the window.

A sentinel had been posted in the garden, and, alarmed at the report of fire-arms, he was hurrying to the window. Sydney stood, half hidden from his view, coolly waiting, pistol in hand, for his approach; when, as the soldier, surprised and angry, looked up to address him, he raised his arm, took a deliberate aim, and shot him through the head.

Then leaping from the window, which was but a few feet from the ground, and over the dead body of the sentinel, Sydney dashed through the garden, trampling down the flower-beds, cleared the low fence at a bound, and the next moment was running for his life through the orchard and across the fields.

Meanwhile the guard within was not idle. He, too, had taken the alarm, and was bringing all his strength and the butt-end of his carbine to bear upon the door, and was loudly demanding entrance. His shouts brought several of his comrades to his assistance; between them all they succeeded in breaking down the door, and one over another they rushed into the room.

How they stamped and swore, and made the walls ring with their threats and curses, as they beheld, to their utter confusion, that Sydney had disappeared! The dead or dying captain caused not the slightest sensation in comparison to the vanished colonel; "it was but one Roundhead the less in the world;" so they took no heed of Harry, but employed themselves in the absurd conjectures as to the whereabouts of his superior officer. One man looked up the chimney, another swore

the foul fiend must have flown away with the colonel, when a third pleaded that "he could not be called a thief if he had, for sure every one had a right to his own"—when the doleful exclamations of one soldier, who, wiser than his fellows, had had shrewd suspicions as to how matters stood, caused them all to come crowding round the window, and the corpse of their comrade enlightening them as to the manner of the prisoner's exit, they indulged in the use of some rather strong language, and heaped the choicest epithets of their vocabulary upon the colonel, who by this time was far beyond the reach both of their curses and their carbines.

Silence and order were suddenly restored by the entrance of the Royalist captain, who sternly demanded the reason of this uproar; and, on being informed, in rather a crest-fallen manner, ordered in high wrath half a dozen men instantly to mount and pursue the colonel. "And one of you," he added, "go and ask Sir Lionel to come hither."

Lionel came, looking like a ghost, pale and speechless, feeling as though this last blow must, indeed, prove his death. "This is my doing. I am his murderer as well as hers!"

"Cheer up, Sir Lionel," said the Cavalier officer; "cheer up. Poor young North is not dead; he is only badly hurt, that is all. There is a worse business than this, though, 'pon my honor; that rascally Roundhead old colonel has made off, and killed one of my men."

But Lionel heeded nothing but Harry. Roused by the captain's words, he hastened forwards, and kneeling down beside the cold, motionless body, which he could scarcely believe retained any life, he busied himself in employing restoratives, and attending to the wound in Harry's side. In a few minutes he had the inexpressible joy of seeing the wan cheeks of his patient warm and brighten with a little color. Sighing deeply once or twice, Harry at length opened his eyes, and gazed around him with a wild, affrighted look, which became calm and intelligent as it rested upon Lionel, and he murmured the latter's name.

Lionel stooped his head, in an agony of longing to hear what Harry was about to say, and fearing to lose a single syllable.



"Lionel, I did not fire—I repented at the last moment. Lionel, if I die—remember—I forgave you."

"Thank God!" Lionel solemnly exclaimed, as he clasped the white, chilly hand that Harry had feebly extended; then, bending still lower, he pressed a fervent kiss upon the icy forehead of his friend.

In less than another hour the Crown Inn was restored to comparative silence and solitude. The Royalist captain returned to head-quarters with part of his troop and all his prisoners, excepting Colonel Sydney, who having had a good start of his pursuers, and knowing the country far better than they did, contrived to elude them, and so, a few hours later, he was welcomed by his brother officers in Bath.

That evening every house in the quiet little Gloucestershire village was filled with tears and mourning; for that village was entered by a solemn procession. Soldiers with lowered arms guarded a bier covered with a snow-white pall, and a litter in which was borne a wounded man; and another man wounded too, but not in body, rode behind closely muffled in his cloak. And so brother and sister were brought back to the home which that morning they had quitted in the pride and glory of strength and life—to that home which no more would be gladdened by sunshine, for it was darkened forever with the shadow of death.

The sun had set at last, and the longest day in Lionel's life was ended. Darkness was coming—darkness more to be desired than light, as death was than life.

The sun had risen without a cloud, but now a storm seemed gathering. Great piles of purple vapor, their edges bathed in crimson, and dashed with streaks of fire, towered round the horizon. The broad, massive front of Atherton Hall rose up black and clear against the evening sky, chimney and gable, turret and tower, strongly and sharply defined by the glowing light behind. It was already midnight in the cool avenue, which for more than half a mile stretched from the carved stone gateway, in a straight line to the house, for the trees were tall and arched overhead, and even at noonday it was always dusk, like the aisle of a cathedral. The thrushes had ceased their even-song, and the

only sound that broke the perfect stillness was the rustling of the leaves in the rising wind.

Late as it was, the master of the house had not yet returned, and his guest and brother was wandering up and down the avenue alone; lost in deep thought, as was his wont. What was the exact subject of his meditations we do not presume to say. It might have been religious liberty, or it might have been military discipline,—those two favorite topics with officers of the Independent denomination; or it might have been of a sadder and tenderer nature—of hopes blighted because conscience was obeyed, and of her whom he was always struggling, perseveringly, but unsuccessfully, to forget.

From this reverie, whatever its nature, John Atherton was awakened by the sound of horse's feet upon the gravel. Looking up, and straining his eyes, he could distinguish a horseman riding up the avenue. Who could it be? Surely, that horse, walking so slowly, at so weary and dejected a pace, his neck drooped almost to the ground, was not Lionel's "gallant gray," which always dashed gayly up the avenue, at a swinging trot? Still less could that man, almost bent double, stooping over his horse's mane, painfully supporting himself by his hands resting on the saddle before him, swaying helplessly to and fro at every step—could that man be Lionel? Lionel, with his firm seat, his stalwart form, and his erect and manly bearing?

Yes, it was Lionel, and John felt his heart sink within him. Stepping hastily forward, his face almost as pale as his brother's, and stammering with eagerness, he cried, "Lionel, what is it? Are you ill?"

"Yes—dying, as I think," was the answer, in a voice that was indeed like that of a dying man.

John was too much shocked to speak. The tired horse came to a standstill of his own accord, but Lionel did not move; and it was not till his brother, recovering himself, had given him the assistance of his strong arm, that he was able feebly to dismount. When he had alighted, he could hardly stand, and, leaning heavily on John, he staggered rather than walked into the house. There, gasping for breath, he sank into a chair just within the door.

John left him for a moment, and flew into an adjoining room; then returned with a glass of wine, which he held to Lionel's livid lips. He drank it with difficulty; then, as he somewhat revived, he tried to smile, and whispered, "I thank you, I am stronger now,"—but too weary to say more then, he leant back, and shut his eyes.

His brother bent over him, in a perfect fever of affectionate anxiety. Something in Lionel's face went to his very heart: it was not simply the deadly pallor of the cheeks, which had lost all their natural, healthy color, or the dark shadows which surrounded the dimmed eyes, or the cold moisture on the forehead, round which the fair soft hair hung lank and loose, which gave him pain to see; but it was the deep lines of care and sorrow which had been traced on Lionel's placid brow since he had parted from him two days ago, and the look of acute, hopeless suffering now worn by that countenance which then had expressed the most perfect peace. What was it ailed him? Was he ill in mind or in body? John sighed deeply as he remembered that on the following morning he was bound by inexorable duty to leave his brother and return to his quarters; and he sighed to think of Lionel's dreary, solitary life, longing for the hundredth time that he had the best of companions, and that Courtenay North would be to him what he feared no other woman ever could be. For Lionel could not forget her, on whom his affections were fixed hopelessly, but forever. The hearts of half the young ladies in the county were breaking for his sake, but John knew well none of these would ever attain the honor, of which no woman in the world save Courtenay was worthy, of being Lionel's wife.

With life, thought and memory returned; and when John asked him whether he should not summon medical aid, Lionel opened his eyes, and raising himself from his reclining posture, said, almost sternly, "No, on no account, I am not ill—would that I were! But—*she* is dead."

"Dead!" cried John, horror-struck; "Courtenay dead! My poor Lionel!"

Lionel looked up wildly at his brother. The fading evening light glanced in from an opposite window upon the tall figure of the parliamentary major. Something in his dress or his accoutrements, or it might have

been the color of his scarf, recalled the most terrible associations, and for a moment the brother was forgotten in the Puritan. Lionel started to his feet, and exclaimed, fiercely, "It was your doing—you, and such as you; it was the men of your own regiment—your own colonel! Shall I not curse all who serve the Parliament?" Then, exhausted by his vehemence, he fell back into his seat, and covered his face with his hands.

John staggered as though Lionel had struck him. Had then Courtenay met with a violent death? And was it by the hands of his companions and associates that his brother's happiness had been destroyed? He was cut to the heart by Lionel's words. It was literally the first time, throughout his whole life, that he had spoken to any living being, least of all to his own brother, a single word partaking in the slightest degree of unkindness or injustice. John was not offended—far from it, resentment was the last thought in his mind; but his eyes were suddenly opened to see what must be the sufferings which could wring such a cry of pain from that brave and patient heart. Feeling instinctively that when restored to himself, Lionel's first feeling would be one of self-reproach, and, dreading lest this pain should be added to the other, John—his usual austerity of manner strangely softened—said kindly,—

"Dear brother, I, too, could curse all who have acted unjustly in this matter."

Lionel was in a moment recalled to his own gentle loving, nature. Raising his head, and looking deeply distressed, he answered sorrowfully,—

"Oh, what have I said? John, I have injured you as I have injured every one I care for. Will you grant me your forgiveness also? for, in truth, I hardly knew what I was saying; I am so very weary, my senses seem almost to be leaving me."

"Nay, verily, there was naught in thy words for which thou needest forgiveness. And if there had been, what would I not forgive from thee, Lionel? What hast thou not forgiven from me?"

After a short silence, feeling it was due to John, Lionel proceeded to give him in as few words as possible, for every word was torture, the history of that dreadful day. John heard him to the end almost without

remark; he was perfectly stunned by the succession of horrors that was now revealed to him, till at last, when Lionel passionately exclaimed, "Have I not cause to curse the day when I was born?" he answered, in a voice so earnest, it was almost solemn. "Every one else hath cause to bless that day beyond all other. Lionel, Courtenay North is the noblest of God's creatures save one!" He gazed at his brother with reverential affection, but dared to say no more.

For awhile silence was restored to the old hall, and the shadows deepened into night. John seated himself beside his brother, and indulged to the full his gloomy musings. What could he say? now, that for the first time, their relative positions were reversed, and Lionel, who had ever been his brother's consoler, now stood himself in need of consolation. In the first moment of enthusiasm John forgot the cause in the sufferers for it. But Courtenay's self-devotion, noble as it was, sunk into nothingness as compared to Lionel's. For those the world calls martyrs, such as Courtenay, lose life indeed, but they gain glory; but what shall we say of him, who losing for conscience' sake that which is to him of such infinite importance that his own life seems worthless in comparison, gains only shame and dishonor, and if the approval of his conscience, yet the self-reproach of his heart?

Yes, Lionel and Courtenay were martyrs—but for what? was it not for the cause of error against truth? Noble and true-hearted man and woman, how comes it that your eyes were so fatally blinded?

"Lionel," said John very sadly, for he was vexed with doubts and perplexities, "I pray God to comfort thee, for how can I? I know the very sight of me must be hateful to you."

"Nay, speak not thus," replied his brother; "you are the only comfort left to me; and yet I have a comfort which you cannot give; I have done my duty. Men will call me cruel—I fear they will even call me dishonored; but I know I have done my duty."

At that, a thought suddenly flashed into John's mind. Had not others done their duty? Had not Colonel Sydney acted rightly in thus obeying the resolution of the Parliament? Was not that doom, stern

and cruel as it had appeared at first, only merited by Courtenay? And if John had been in his superior's place, must he not have acted as he had done, despite friendship and esteem for his unfortunate prisoner? "What if duty ever called me," John mentally exclaimed, as that conviction forced itself upon his mind, and made his very blood run cold, "to take a life very dear unto me?"

The next moment the stillness of the hall was rudely broken by the loud, startling, ringing of some heavy, metallic substance upon the oaken floor, at the very feet of the two brothers. Too dark for them at first to distinguish what it was, surprised and alarmed, they sprang from their seats. "What was that?" cried John, as the echoes died away; then examining the spot from whence the sound had issued, he found that one of the numerous swords, which, with suits of armor, decorated the lofty walls, had broken from its fastening and fallen upon the ground. It had been worn by an ancestor, a certain Sir John Atherton: and rusty and battered, it bore many marks of the hard service it had seen at Towton and Tewkesbury, and other battles of those civil wars, compared to which the present strife was almost bloodless.

"It is an omen," said John, under his breath, shuddering at his own superstitious fancies.

"Yes, it may be so," answered Lionel, thoughtfully, as standing by his brother, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, he looked down calmly at the weapon at his feet. "The war is coming very near us. O John, I long to rest my weary head; I should sleep very quietly on the battle-field."

"Nay," was John's vehement reply, shuddering more violently than before, and his fearless heart, that had ever risen high at the prospect of danger, now strangely sinking, "you must not wish to die, for the sake of all those whose example and whose benefactor you have ever been, and for the sake of him to whom you are the best of brothers, the best of friends."

Lionel answered by warmly grasping his brother's hand; then exclaimed, "And now farewell, for I must go."

"Go! and to-night? Whither?" John asked in astonishment.

"Whither should I go but to Harry? I

had not left him but to see you and to tell you all," Lionel replied, as he turned towards the door.

But John laid his hand upon his arm, and sought to detain him. "Stay here this one night, I pray you. Think of yourself for once. You are ill, you will kill yourself."

"And what of that?" answered Lionel, mournfully. "My only hope is that God will take my life, and spare Harry's. But I am not ill; you need not fear for me. And I must go to him; I will not leave him night nor day; I will tend him and watch by him until he is recovered. My poor Harry! I have made shipwreck of all your happiness!"

"At least, if you must go, let me go with you," so John still pleaded.

But Lionel refused with so much firmness that John could say no more.

"No," he replied, solemnly; "to that house I must go alone; but think of me this night; pray that God will be with me through the valley of the shadow of death."

Again the brothers clasped hands, their hearts too full to speak; till Lionel turned away, and leaving the hall, went forth into the darkness.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### LANSDOWN.

It is the 5th of July: one of those days which filled English hearts and homes with mourning, and dyed English ground with English blood; one of those days whose morning saw noble hearts beating high with enthusiastic loyalty to the Church of their fathers, and to their crowned and anointed sovereign — with passionate love of liberty and lofty patriotism, go forth to battle; and whose evening saw those brave hearts stilled, and heard a voice of lamentation and bitter weeping of those who refused to be comforted for their children, because they were not.

While preparing for the fearful contest, at the price of which they trusted to procure peace for beloved England, the two opposing brothers had knelt in solemn prayer: Lionel in the quiet of his own home; John on the bleak heights of Lansdown.

They might have heard the answer to their prayers in the shouts of triumph which rose alternately from Royalists and Puritans, as victory declared itself now on the one side and now on the other. And this day, claimed

by both parties as their own, was but an emblem of the whole of that great strife, when, after long years of agony and persecution, both gained the victory, and purchased with tears and blood, crowns of martyrdom for themselves and peace and glory, and free laws and lawful freedom for their country.

While the fierce battle raged in the deep valley and on the wooded sides of Lansdown, till a crimson river ran down the green slopes; while the long grass was ploughed up with cannon balls, or trampled down or heaped with dead; while lightning flashed and thunder rolled from the artillery, and thick clouds of white smoke shut out the sight of the sky, and the earth shook with the fury of the desperate encounter, Sir Lionel Atherton was, like other officers, at the head of his men, encouraging those who at the beginning of the fight had been disheartened by the far superior arms of the enemy. On dashed those "brave-hearted gentlemen," waving their swords, and crying to their followers, "Come on, for God and King Charles." On they dashed up the hill, almost unsupported; Lionel ahead of every one, his courage the terror of the enemy, and the wonder of all, who thought that day that, with Sir Nicholas Slanning, he was immortal. Down came from the breastworks on the brow of the hill the bullets like hail whistling through the thick branches of the trees, down came shot and cannon-ball, and down went many a high-born Cavalier, whose plumed morion and gorgeous dress afforded a mark for Puritan muskets.

Then the trumpets rang out again, and the soldiers with fresh courage advanced to the charge, and gallant horses and gallant riders rushed valiantly up the hill, led on by the brave young Prince Maurice, over heaps of slain, through blood, and fire, and smoke: Lionel, ever in the thickest of the fight, conspicuous everywhere by his tall white crest and gleaming sword, animating all by his dauntless spirit. His horse was shot under him and fell, and they rolled over together; but he was up again in a moment, and unhurt rushed on.

The Royalists had fallen upon a body of the parliamentary troops, and were making them give ground in every direction; and

Lionel glowing with triumph, was cheering on his men, when, in the heat of the conflict, his sword was shivered to the hilt; and, pierced in the breast before he could recognize his assailant, he sank bleeding on the grass. There was a cry of "Lionel!" Turning his eyes upwards he saw a tall parliamentary officer standing over him. It was John.

He had sprung from his horse, discovering the instant after his sword had made the deadly thrust, that it was his brother whom, in the excitement and confusion of the battle, he had unwittingly wounded, and was now looking down upon him in speechless horror and remorse. As their eyes met, Lionel gave a little start of recognition, and a sickening shudder ran through him. It was but for a moment; the next his pallid face was lighted up with his old sweet smile, he put out his hand and was about to speak, when a loud shout rent the air, and in an instant John was surrounded. "Strike him down; strike down the Roundhead villain who has slain Sir Lionel!"

For one little instant John felt a thrill of wild, almost delirious joy, as the swords flashed in his eyes. "Thank God, I shall not live to see him die!" But the thought had hardly crossed his mind, when the weapons were lowered, and the threatening gestures of his assailants changed into those of supreme astonishment; they stood motionless and dumb, for Lionel, with a sudden desperate effort raised himself to his feet, and with all his remaining strength contrived to throw his arms about John. "No, no," he cried, "ye shall not hurt a hair of his head; he is my brother." And then the noble head sank senseless on the Puritan's shoulder.

They could not harm John now; and one of the Royalist soldiers, a Marshfield man, and a tenant on Lionel's estate, pressed forward and said,—

"Master Atherton, I knew not it was you. God forgive you, sir, what is this you have done? You have slain your own brother! Now you will yield yourself my prisoner, of course, sir, and come along with me, and let us carry Sir Lionel to some place of safety; maybe there is life in him yet, poor gentleman!"

John, without answering a word, had torn off his scarf in eager haste, and bound it

tightly round the bleeding chest, then giving up his sword, he suffered himself to be led out of the battle. And so, carrying Lionel tenderly in his arms, he was conducted by the Marshfield man to a field somewhat protected by a high wall, a spot of comparative safety.

"He is still alive, I think, sir," said the soldier, "and the bleeding is nigh stopped, we may save him yet; there is water in that brook, throw some over his face, 'twill revive him. And now I must back to my post. You'll give me your word of honor not to escape, of course, Master Atherton?"

John could not speak, but bowed his head in token of assent.

"Poor gentleman; poor Sir Lionel!" said the soldier to himself, as he ran off. "Alack that I should have lived to see the day when Master John should have taken his life! I fear but what 'tis all over with him. He'll never live till night."

John laid his brother gently on the grass beneath a tree, then loosing his helmet, filled it quickly at a little stream which flowed close by, and dashed a few drops on his face; then taking a flask of brandy from his own pocket, he poured a little down Lionel's throat, again putting his arm round him, and supporting his head upon his shoulder. He knew that he still lived, for he had felt his heart beat against his own as he carried him; but would he ever revive? would those eyes ever open? those pale lips ever move again?

And who can tell what passed through John's mind as he looked upon the form but a few minutes ago strong and stalwart, full of life and energy, in the pride of vigorous manhood, now prostrate on the ground, unconscious, motionless, the great strength gone, and life seemingly ebbing fast away. And whose hand had wrought this sudden change?

At last a faint color came back into Lionel's white cheeks, and his eyes slowly unclosed.

"Is that you, John? Then you are safe, and all is well."

"Yes, you saved my life," answered his brother with unnatural calmness, "and I have taken yours."

Then he burst out wildly, "My God, have pity! My sorrow is greater than I can bear! Why did you not let them strike me down?



Why did you not let me die? Why did you save me for this? O Lionel, Lionel, would to God I had died for thee, my brother!" His voice was choked in convulsive sobs.

"John, dear John," said Lionel, clasping his trembling hand, "grieve not for me; grieve not that you have shortened a sad and darkened life. Your hand has but opened the gate of death, through which God will lead me to a joyful resurrection. I was very weary; but I shall die happy in your arms. Dry your tears, you have but given me what I longed for—the blessed gift of death."

"Though you forgive me, yet how can I ever forgive myself? I am another Cain, and the blood of my brother crieth unto heaven for vengeance against me! Yet I did but obey my conscience when I became your enemy; I did it in the integrity of my heart."

Again tears prevented his utterance, and again Lionel tried to console him.

"I know you too well to think that you would ever act but according to your conscience. I know you thought it your duty—you have prayed and suffered—your doctrines may be the devil's teaching—but your pure heart is God's giving. This is a strange perplexing world—I am well quit of it. I shall know all soon—how we who both prayed so earnestly for God's guidance could have taken such diverse paths. I shall understand it all in a very little while. O John, grieve not for me, 'tis I should grieve for you; I know what it is to have caused the loss of a life far dearer to me than mine own—lost because I did what I believed to be my duty. I would have died to save her—I have felt like you—I would comfort you with the same comfort wherewith God comforted me in my tribulation—"

He stopped short, gasping for breath, utterly exhausted by the great efforts he had made in speaking. John thought he was dying, and in an agony of alarm resorted to every measure he could think of in order to revive him. After a little while he was successful; and Lionel looked up gratefully at his brother.

"Dost thou feel thyself better?" asked John, in a voice trembling with anxiety. "O God, let him live, or let me die!" he cried in anguish, as an expression on Lionel's face told him there was no hope.

"I shall be better very soon; but not here. I can speak no more now. Put thine arm around me, dear brother—so—let me rest a little while."

Then closing his wearied eyes he seemed as though he slept, had not his frequent sighs and the sharp spasms of pain which now and then passed over his countenance revealed that he was awake and suffering. In truth, he was enduring dreadful torture; but if it had been threefold more acute, no sound of complaint would ever have passed his lips, for was not John by his side? John, whose misery was far greater than any he could suffer.

The roar of battle did not cease; but the Puritan heeded nothing save the dear enemy lying on his breast, and he watched him, as it seemed, for several hours. As he knelt upon the grass, John earnestly pondered over what his brother had been saying; hoarding up the words which he knew—though he scarcely dared to tell himself so—must be almost the last.

Truly had Lionel said, "I have felt like you." John knew now what it was to suffer the agonies of remorse for the accidental consequences of an act which his conscience told him was his duty.

And not only the present, but the past, seemed to rise up in judgment against him. All the words which his fiery and impetuous temperament had driven him on to utter to his brother, words repented of as soon as uttered; all the youthful, unpremeditated, very slight offences, which Lionel had long since forgiven and forgotten, weighed heavily upon his mind.

Was this the way he now repaid the best of brothers, the dearest of friends? Was this the requital of all Lionel's kindness, that had been unvarying from their earliest years, and had shown brighter as John's life grew darker? For Lionel had used his utmost endeavors to preserve peace between his father and brother; and when their differences had grown too wide for reconciliation, he had provoked and braved the fierce anger of Sir Walter, because he still loved and befriended that brother, and had ever taken his part as much as duty to his king had allowed him.

But some of John's bitterest remembrances were the last few weeks; how he had been warmly welcomed in his short, but

happy visits to his old home, though in arms against Lionel's cause; and how their affection was unchanged, and they had seemed dearer to each other because of their separation. Now, in the first battle in which Lionel had been present, and in which, moreover, he had engaged without his brother's knowledge, the sudden, awful end had come to their companionship, and John by his own hand had destroyed all the happiness that was left to him in life.

No thought of reproach or anger against the author of his death had ever entered Lionel's gentle heart; and—oh, miracle of forgiveness, as it seemed to John—his only idea was how to save the life of his destroyer.

"John," said Lionel, with a wistful tone in his feeble voice, "be a friend to poor Harry, he is all alone now. He has been very nigh to death. I thought this morning there was a little hope. Be his friend; comfort him. Poor boy, may God bless him and restore him."

"For your sake," answered John, "I will, indeed, be his friend."

"And, dear brother, I would ask thee yet one more favor. We have buried *her* in her own village church; lay me by her side. Mine in heaven, though not on earth. Dear, I shall be with you very soon. I know you have forgiven me," he murmured, as a radiant smile shone upon his dying countenance.

"Thou wilt do this, John?"

"Thou knowest I would do any thing thou askest," he replied, as the tears again blinded his eyes.

Lionel could scarcely speak, but he pressed his brother's hand with a look of peaceful content and trust.

So he lay quiet a little while. Then once more he exerted all his fast failing strength. "We were enemies—we thought it right—we are friends now. Kiss me before I go."

John bent his head, but would not dare to press the dying lips till he had humbly prayed, "Lionel, say you forgive me; say the words, or my heart will break."

"Forgive you! Sweetheart, more; I bless you: you have sent me home."

He was near his departure now. The lips were very cold, and the death-damps were on the pallid forehead, and the feeble pulse was almost gone. And John knew that in a few minutes he should be alone.

Then suddenly there rang through the air

a loud, wild cheer, a cry of victory from glad, exulting hearts.

The dying ears heard and knew the shout, and the dying eyes looked up. "Peace on earth; pray for peace. Thine England,—mine no more; I seek a better country—an heavenly."

A moment more and he was there.

His gentle spirit had joined the noble army of martyrs, and John was left awhile to wait, with faith and patient well-doing, till he, too, should be called; and the brothers, one time mortal enemies for the sake of Heaven, but then eternal friends in heaven, should stand around God's throne among the white-robed multitude who have come out of great tribulation.

There is very little to add respecting the fate of the three Puritans.

The summer had passed into late autumn before Harry North was quite recovered. He rose from his bed of sickness a sadder and a wiser man.

He was no longer able to take part in the dissensions of his country; he could not join with those who had made his life what it was, nor could he abjure all his former professions and engage in the service of the king. So he threw up his commission, and, leaving England to her fate, was, for two or three years, a solitary wanderer upon the continent. The latest account that I can find of him is, that he had returned and was living in his old home, lonely no longer, a happy husband and father.

Colonel Sydney, after gaining many honors during the wars in England, went over to Ireland, where he found plenty of congenial employment, more especially distinguishing himself at the taking of Drogheda. He died during the Protectorate, it is said, greatly esteemed and respected.

John Atherton did not long remain a prisoner, but soon gained his liberty by exchange for a Royalist officer. He never returned to Marshfield, for that place was fraught with too many bitter recollections ever to be his home. He rose to a high rank in the army, and was notorious for his desperate courage—the courage of a man who longs for death. But death on the battle-field was not vouchsafed to him, and he survived, uninjured, many a terrible conflict. In after years he was a stanch republican, and gained some eminence as a champion of the people's liberties after the accession of Cromwell to power. He was, in consequence, committed to close imprisonment, the rigors of which broke down his already enfeebled health; and, after about a twelvemonth's captivity, he died, persecuted, but not forsaken. E—Y S.

From The Eclectic Magazine.

A DIALOGUE WITH A LEARNED CHINESE.\*

ON THE VIEWS ENTERTAINED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN ON VARIOUS POINTS OF INTEREST CONNECTED WITH RELIGION, AND THEIR BELIEF IN SPIRITS, DEMONS, THE METEMPSYCHOSIS, ETC.

*Foreigner.*—Please, give me some information on the three famous religions of China, called Yu, Shih, and Taou; or, what is better known, the Confucian, Buddhist, and Taou Sects.

*Chinese.*—Yu is the denomination of scholars, and therefore called the Learned Sect; it is also called the Sacred Sect, from the regard that is paid to Confucius, who is revered as a sage, on account of the profundity of his wisdom, the resources of his intellect, and the admirable principles that guided him in all his actions. He had many disciples, to whom he imparted instruction on almost all subjects, except those treating on the gods, anarchy, supernatural events, and physical force. With respect to the worship of spirits, he considered the subject too difficult or abstruse to speak upon. Moreover, it accorded with ancient custom and law for the emperor to sacrifice to heaven and earth; the princes to the gods of the land and the grain; the high officers to the tutelary deities; and the scholars and common people to worship their ancestors. Each class was expected to keep within its own proper sphere, and not to exceed it. And with regard to supernatural appearances, muscular feats, and insurrection, he considered them not to be in accordance with right principles; and were, therefore, not subjects lightly to be spoken about.

*Foreigner.*—Have any temples been erected to do him homage?

*Chinese.*—There have. There is a fine temple erected in the province where he was born, the walls of which are red and the tiles green; the image of Confucius is placed in the centre, and on either side are the tablets of the seventy-two worthies, his most distinguished disciples. Each spring and autumn, official personages repair thither to offer sacrifices with the greatest possible respect and solemnity. Each province has also large literary halls, in which at certain specified seasons all the public officers assemble and do him homage. A kind of prayer or eulogistic discourse is read aloud, and, after offering up the usual libations, the officers and scholars retire to their respective duties. A succession of dynasties has passed away, but none has failed to show him the greatest respect.

\* This man formerly assisted Dr. Morrison as a copyist or writer.

*Foreigner.*—Please, now tell me something about the sect of Shih.

*Chinese.*—It is the religion of Buddha: his surname was Shih, and therefore it is thus designated. The priests of this religion shave their heads, and wear long-sleeved gowns. It did not originate in China, but was introduced from India during the dynasty of Han (or about the time of the Christian Era). It teaches men to cultivate virtue and to do good, and then at death they shall ascend to the western heaven, and enjoy perfect felicity; but if, on the contrary, they follow a wicked course, they must suffer ten thousand kinds of punishment in hell, and forever be unable to revolve again in the circle of life. These things not being altogether against reason, induce many to believe and follow this religion.

*Foreigner.*—What are the rules of admission into the priesthood?

*Chinese.*—They must leave their homes, their father, mother, wife, and children; and not caring for any of them, they must henceforth reverently regard the chief priest as their guide and instructor, and be to each other as father and son. The priests must go bareheaded, to show they have put off the cares and vexations of the world; and live upon a purely vegetable diet, in order to compassionate animal life; beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and every thing possessing life, are not to be destroyed. The food that is allowed consists of peas, beans, fruits, rice, the young shoots of bamboo, and vegetables of all kinds. The priests live in the temples, and eat at one common table; they vary in number from a dozen to two hundred, according to the size of the temple. They chant morning and evening prayers before the massive image of Buddha, taken from their religious books; repeating them over and over again, especially the sacred name of Buddha. They also offer up prayers on behalf of others, asking that they may be delivered from calamity and distress; and they also perform rites for the dead, raising them from purgatory, etc.

*Foreigner.*—Do many believe in the doctrines of the priests?

*Chinese.*—A great many do, because of what they affirm respecting the unlimited resources of Fuh (or Buddha) to afford universal succor to all mankind. A Buddhistic work says: "Beyond this sentence, O-met-fuh (one of the names of the god), you need not say a single word. Let each seek a retired room, and sweep it clean; place therein a small image of Buddha; put incense and pure water, with a lighted lamp, before it; whether painted on paper, or carved on wood, the figure is just the same as the true Buddha; love it as your father and mother;

venerate it as your prince and ruler morning and evening; worship before it with reverence; on going out, inform it; and on returning, do the same. Whether you travel, act as in the presence of Buddha. Whether you eat or drink, offer it up first to Buddha. Raising the eye or moving the lips, let all be for Buddha. Let not the rosary leave your hands, or O-mc-to-fuh depart from your mouths. Repeat it with a loud voice and with a low one; quickly and slowly, with clasped hands and with bended knees, at home or abroad; in a crowd, or when alone. Thus to repeat it will move your feelings, and make your tears to flow; will inspire the celestial gods with awe, and the terrestrial demons with reverence."

*Foreigner.*—Please give me a short history of the Taoist Religion.

*Chinese.*—It commenced in the remote history of the Emperor Wang (about five hundred years before the Christian Era), owing to the fondness for studying the methods of prolonging life to an indefinite extent. One Le-arh, called also Laou-tsze, was the man whom after generations honored as the founder of this religion. From him Confucius inquired what were the principles of social order or good manners. He embodied his views in a well-known book called the Taou-tih-king, which discourses on the mysteries or paths of reason and virtue. The priests who belong to this sect braid up the hair in a tuft on the top of the head, and wear long-sleeved garments. It is optional whether they forsake their families, or continue to live with them. Those who forsake all reside in a Taoist temple, confine themselves to a vegetable diet, and are called priests of eminent virtue. Their temples are generally placed on elevated positions, surrounded by fine trees, images of gods and goddesses occupying the interior; the wealthy subscribe towards the support both of these and the Buddhist temples.

*Foreigner.*—What does this religion teach men?

*Chinese.*—It originally taught men to adorn themselves with virtue, to nourish nature, to circulate the breath, and to refine what is gross and sensual. But the priests of the present day altogether misunderstand their duty; they only know how to learn to chant a few sentences from the sacred books, and on behalf of that pray to the gods to confer happiness. Those who remain with their families are called common or social priests, and they act also as magicians or necromancers, perform rites for the dead, and are very numerous. They are great exorcists, and are much sought after by seamen and the friends of sick persons. Or-

dinarily, they dress and eat as other persons do; but when engaged in religious performances, they attire themselves in the usual priestly costume.

*Foreigner.*—Is the Mahomedan religion allowed in China?

*Chinese.*—This religion has long existed in China, and has never been proscribed during several successive dynasties. It is chiefly on account of this sect always paying respect to the laws of the country, and while maintaining its own religious opinions not given to proselyting, that it has not been prohibited. Chinese Mahomedans differ in nothing from other Chinese, except in their religious ceremonies and modes of living. They do not eat pork, nor will they partake (if invited out to a feast) of any animal food, unless it has been slaughtered by one of their own people. In their private houses there are no idols, but whether they have any images in their Mosques, I do not know—strangers are not admitted. I have often heard some one reading aloud their sacred books. In the province of Canton, there are about two thousand Mahomedans, and they are to be found in every province; but they are very unwilling to inform others about their affairs. They bury their dead in a large mausoleum outside the gates of the city; the corpse is now shrouded and placed in a curiously shaped coffin, which allows the body to drop from it into the mouth of the general tomb—if it should fall with the face looking upward, the relations consider it a happy omen of future felicity.

*Foreigner.*—I should like to hear what the Chinese think of good and evil spirits.

*Chinese.*—The common notion is that the good spirits, or gods, reside in heaven, and that the evil spirits, or demons, dwell in the inferior regions; and that while the principles of the former are pure and illustrious, those of devils are dark and debased. The gods are considered to be able to afford universal help or succor to mankind; hence the Chinese erect temples to honor them, and they also worship them in their private dwellings. A loft or small chamber is set apart for the idols, with some title or badge which designates them; before these are placed incense vessels, candle stands, and other articles used in worship. Every day, morning and evening, incense sticks are lighted, and on the first and fifteenth of each month, and on other special occasions, there are, besides burning of candles, gilt and silvered paper (to represent money), and offerings of meat, rice, wine, etc., presented to the idol, with much bowing and kneeling, to propitiate the divinity and obtain protection in times of suffering and perplexity. Each person seems to follow his own inclination as to the



object and times of worship—there is no one idol invariably worshipped—I am unable to give the number of the gods, but you can examine the record of their names and history. The most famous and the most commonly worshipped in Canton are the goddess of mercy, called Koon-Yam; Kwan-Tae, the god of war; Pak-Tae, the northern god; Teen-Haou, the mother of heaven; Wa-Kwong, the god of fire; Tsoi-Shan, the god of wealth; and Kum-Fa, the patroness of married women. Besides these there are many others too numerous to particularize, who are honored by some and not by others. I cannot say I have much knowledge about them.

*Foreigner.*—What of the evil spirits or demons?

*Chinese.*—According to the vulgar opinion, a demon possesses shadow without substance—perhaps makes some perceptible sound—has power to deceive and injure the lives of men. It is probable the chief demon spoken of in books is one of these. At certain seasons, devils are worshipped, especially during violent sickness and dangerous disorders, attended with delirium or something unusual and alarming, supposed to be the result of diabolical influence. The evil spirit is soothed and exorcised by the usual offerings of incense, paper, money, rice, wine, etc., or by crackers and other incantations, which are performed outside the great door. Moreover, as the Chinese generally very much dread these hungry ghosts, and believe that they are capable of doing much mischief, they adopt the following method of driving them away: They paste up outside the door some mystic characters, the names of gods, that are supposed to possess the extraordinary power of eating them up! At the sight of this charm, the evil spirits who wish to enter the house are deterred approaching the inmates. I dare not pronounce an opinion whether it is true or false, but such is the prevailing idea. You say that you hear at times the beating of gongs, firing of crackers, and blowing of the conch at the dead of night, with loud shouting of voices; all these sounds are superstitious rites connected with the expulsion and exorcising of bad spirits from human dwellings and sick persons. This belief in evil spirits and demoniacal possession has taken hold of nearly every one; and whether it is true or not, no one examines: the people just follow the customs of the age, and do as others do, without thinking whether it is right or wrong, advantageous or otherwise.

*Foreigner.*—Then the Chinese often speak about Genii—what are they?

*Chinese.*—The Genii were originally men, but by reason of the purity of their minds,

the practice of virtue and abstraction from the world, have become possessed of the faculty of pre-knowledge and the power of transmutation, and doing wonderful things. Their souls are in heaven; still they are not regarded to be either spirits or demons, but are denominated Genii. They are supposed to perform their virtuous deeds in some quiet spot in the deep recesses of the mountains; I have not seen any of their magical arts, but books say they can cross a river upon a slender straw, or extinguish a fire by spurring out upon it a cup of wine, etc. The names of the eight principal genii are known to every one, even children are made acquainted with them. I have only seen one of them regularly worshipped, who is believed to understand the healing art; so that when men are sick, they apply to this Sii-shun-yeang to succor them.

*Foreigner.*—What is the explanation of the two characters so frequently used in China—*Chuen lun*, to revolve in a circle as a wheel—the metempsychosis.

*Chinese.*—They simply mean that the life of man is ever revolving in a circle, like the turning of a wheel. It has been handed down that in Hades there are ten kings, who judge the actions of men, good or bad, committed in their former life; just the same as magistrates pass sentence upon criminals here. Whenever men die they must of necessity pass before the tribunal of these ten kings; and as the last is called the turning-wheel king, this judicial process goes round like a wheel. It is impossible to discover the method and laws of their adjudication, but the general opinion prevailing is simply this: The kings having judged that such a class were free from vice in the former life, command them to re-enter the circle of life in the upper world, as men of the highest order. Those that are not perfectly virtuous are classified in two orders. If the good actions exceed the bad, they are ordered to return to this world and become again ordinary men; but those whose actions here were wicked, are punished by being transformed into birds and beasts, or are perhaps forever shut up in hell. Life and death, from thus resembling the revolutions of a wheel, are thus designated. But it is a subject that needs investigation.

The above short description, by a native, of the religious views of the Chinese, will give the general reader but a faint idea of the ignorance and follies connected with idolatry. It is the uniform opinion that the Chinese had a far better knowledge of the true God, and were more sincerely religiously inclined two thousand years ago than they are in the present degenerate times. They are a people that may now be truly said to



be without God, and without hope in the world; and not desiring to retain the knowledge of the Most High God, handed down to them by their ancestors in the early ages of the world, they seem to me to have lost what little they once knew of reverence for, and worship of, the Supreme Being, and have substituted in his place a vast number of imaginary beings and deified men, to whom they render the homage of their lips. They cannot be without some object of worship; but they care very little what it is, so that it is placed among the worshipped beings allowed by the state, and sanctioned by custom. Nor does it at all matter whether the idol is enrolled among the Buddhist or Taouist sects, or whether the worship is offered in a Buddhist or Taouist temple; the offerings and mode of worship are the same. It is a mere round of formal heartless ceremony, without meaning or interest to the worshippers; at least, if we can judge from the frivolity and carelessness which usually mark their religious observances. The common people and women (who form the largest proportion of those who frequent the shrines or temples of the gods) have no thought or knowledge whatever of the god worshipped, beyond its name and general celebrity; and unless some favorable response is soon given, its shrine is forsaken for another, that may prove more propitious: occasionally even the angry and disappointed worshipper will vent his displeasure in no measured terms of abuse, and even drag the idol from its seat and give it a ducking in water, or set up another in its place. The worship offered is pre-eminently selfish in its aims and objects from beginning to end. The offerings are not very expensive, because all that is eatable is afterwards consumed by the worshipper; and a proper compensation is expected for the burning of so many incense sticks, also the candles, and heaps of gilt paper. It is not for a moment thought that sacrifices and vows can be made from purely disinterested motives; or that the genuflections and thumpings of the head on the ground can go unrewarded. No such thing—a Chinaman rarely does any thing disinterestedly. He looks to the main chance more than most men; and if he thought that his offerings and trouble in frequenting the temples would certainly be unremunerative, they would soon be given up; in fact, I have met with several who had come to that conclusion, and boldly declared it was of "no use to worship the gods." These were among the comparative few who had abandoned idolatry from a long experience of its uselessness and folly, but not of its criminality and sin.

Buddhist books strongly recommend the

abstinence from flesh as the only sure method of purification, and discountenances the killing of the useful ox, the pig, and every living animal; but the Chinese are great utilitarians, and are ready to consume every thing that comes in their way (even dogs, cats, and rats, when nothing better can be had); therefore a strictly vegetable diet is mainly confined to the priests (and by them it is not observed very scrupulously), and to women who have been persuaded to vow never to touch flesh meat or any animal food again. Some of these, much enfeebled from the want of it, came under my medical care; and though I clearly pointed out the cause of their debility and other ailments, yet I rarely succeeded in inducing these poor superstitious women to alter their course of diet. The work of saving animal life, repairing temples, bridges, and roads, giving away coffins, firewood, rice, and several other modes of bestowing alms and doing good offices, have all a scale of merit attached to them, which is confidently expected will be of advantage and profit to the benefactor, both in this life and after death. I have not observed the self-inflicted cruelties upon the body, such as exist in India; but abstinence, hermitage, voluntary poverty and seclusion from the world, etc., are all minor exhibitions of meritorious self-sacrifice and devotion. But the Chinese are too practical and non-contemplative a race to have much sympathy with fetichism, meditative silence, and abstraction from the world. These acts of devotion are consequently not much encouraged; in China, indeed, the priests of Buddha and Taou exert very little influence upon the community at large; they are despised rather than respected, and are often jeered at, as useless members of society. Still such is the force of custom, and fear of acting contrary to it, that the priests are usually invited to chant the funeral rites over men who might have ridiculed them when alive, and even have forbidden them to enter their houses. I have had many opportunities of observing the Chinese character, and ascertaining the amount of religious knowledge they possessed, but, I do not remember finding *one* able to give a proper reply to the simple inquiry—Who made you? They are undoubtedly ignorant of the Great Creator; and if they do not absolutely deny his existence, they do not even seem to acknowledge him in his works or providence. The genial warmth of the sun, and the needful rains of heaven, which the compassionate preserver of man so liberally bestows upon them, and on which they are so dependent for their daily subsistence, seem not to awaken one spark of acknowl-

edgment to the Giver of all Good, who is indeed kind to the unthankful and to the evil. I have also yet to learn their acknowledgment of guilt, and the need of a sacrifice to atone for it. All the meat-offerings presented are thank-offerings; they are the flesh of killed animals that have been baked or cooked. The idea of an atonement for sin never enters into the mind of a Chinese when presenting himself and his gifts before the shrine of his gods. Their views also respecting a future life and the immortality of the soul are very obscure and contradictory. They worship their dead ancestors—call the spirit back after death—speak of a former life—have a notion of good and bad spirits—profess to believe in the transmigration of souls, and the existence of heaven and hell (the horrid punishments of the latter being depicted in Buddhists' books and temples); and yet as a people they may be truly said to have no sure belief of a future state, or have much, if any, care to know about it. Some deny it altogether,—others say it is wrapped in mystery and doubt; but the greater part never give the subject a thought, and live and act as if there was no hereafter. Their chief objections to Christianity are—

1st. It is a foreign religion, good, perhaps, for foreign states, but not needed by them.

2d. They ridicule the idea of being expected to believe in Jesus, who, they say, was regarded as a criminal, and adjudged worthy of death, by crucifixion:—"The Cross is foolishness unto them."

3d. They deny the possibility of the divinity of Jesus, the Saviour of men, on the ground that he could not be in heaven and on earth at the same time. The Trinity in Unity is a doctrine not to be easily perceived; it is a matter of faith, not of natural comprehension. "No one can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

4th. They see nothing wonderful in the incarnation and miracles of Jesus; such like events are recorded in their books, and they are not particular to prove their authenticity as to time and place, etc.

5th. The doctrines of Jesus, they say, must be acknowledged to be good in the main, but they are not superior to those taught by Confucius, and therefore not needed by the Chinese.

6th. If this religion is so true and important, how is it, they ask, that China, which has existed so long, should not have heard of it before?

7th. Objections are raised against the dates of the Bible, and some of the Old Testament histories.

8th. They strongly object to Christianity being the only true and consistent religion

in the world. They think it should be more tolerant. Many would be willing to put Jesus Christ at the very top of the list of their gods, if those beneath should not be excluded from worship also.

9th. The objection probably which has the greatest weight arises out of the general opinion, that because ancestral worship is forbidden, Christianity is chargeable with the great fault of not inculcating the chief virtue of the Confucian ethics; viz., filial piety, which is to be exemplified, not only to the living, but the *dead*.

It will be seen from these preceding remarks how destitute the Chinese are of right religious feelings, and how much they stand in need of every help from Christian countries to give them the revealed will of God. What they want is practical Christianity, made known to them by the living voice, and by the printed page, and exemplified in a holy life. They are keen observers of human nature, and readily perceive the weaknesses of men, and the imperfections of systems and differences of sects; they have plenty of these themselves; and the aim of British and American Christians should therefore be to give them the pure word of life, the simple truth as it is in Jesus, without any particular regard to sects and formularies. To *evangelize* China and India is the greatest and noblest work devolving on the Christian Church at the present day. It has been begun, and is now being carried on with increasing vigor; but seeing how miserably inadequate the means are to accomplish the great objects in view,—the field so large, and the laborers so few,—does it not appear incumbent upon us to use every exertion, under God's blessing, to support and increase the facilities of spreading the saving knowledge of the Gospel to these countries, containing as they do, more than half of the population of the world?—*one* being the richest and largest colony of the British crown; *the other* of the greatest importance to us as a mercantile and manufacturing people, and towards which many eyes and anxious hearts are specially directed at the present time.

I confess I feel much surprised to hear of the great unwillingness of many studying for the sacred office of the ministry, to offer themselves for foreign service in India or China; and also at the small sums contributed by many to the various charitable objects both at home and abroad, as *compared* with what might and ought to be given, if we are to judge of a man's prosperity in business and good position in the world by the establishment he keeps up, or the liberal expenditure upon his table and dress.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## GOETHE AND MENDELSSOHN.

M. L. RELLSTAB, a celebrated German novelist and poet, has just published the first two volumes of his autobiography, full of most interesting matter, as he has been connected during his fifty years of literary labor with all the celebrities of the age.\* So soon as the other volumes appear, we purpose offering our readers a critical analysis of the whole work, but in the mean time, cannot refrain from bringing before them one chapter, descriptive of a scene interesting to all readers, of which the author was witness during his residence at Weimar, and which, to our knowledge, has not before been published. From this point, then, M. Rellstab shall speak for himself.

"One morning in November, I received an invitation to visit on that afternoon Frau von Goethe, daughter-in-law of the poet, who lived in the attic story. She received me with the words, 'You will find acquaintances from Berlin here, whom you will be pleased to meet.' I guessed, I asked, but could not hit on the party, when suddenly the door opened, and my stately friend Zelter, then in his prime, walked in. He greeted me in his peculiar fashion: 'Well, you're here, too: why, all Berlin is at Weimar! I must be present when my Luther's monument was erected at Wittenberg, and as I was on the road, I drove straight here.' Presently the door opened again gently, and a boy of about twelve entered: it was Felix Mendelssohn, whom I recognized with pleasure. He modestly approached us, and his fine black eye wandered timidly round the company. He probably expected to find Goethe himself among them, but he was still in his room, and the travellers had only just arrived. The lad was at first not noticed, because his extraordinary qualities were not yet known. I was probably the only person, besides Zelter, who was acquainted with them. His shyness soon disappeared, however, and he was presently engaged in romping with the young ladies, for he had the art of becoming a general favorite immediately.

"In the evening we assembled in Goethe's rooms to tea, for he had a large party of his Weimar musical acquaintances to make them acquainted with the boy's extraordinary talents. Presently Goethe made his appearance: he came from his study, and had a habit—at least I generally noticed it—of waiting till all the guests were assembled ere he showed himself. Till that period his son and daughter-in-law did the duties of host in

the most amiable way. A certain solemnity was visible among the guests prior to the entrance of the great poet, and even those who stood on terms of intimacy with him underwent a feeling of veneration. His slow, serious walk, his impressive features, which expressed the strength rather than weakness of old age, the lofty forehead, the white, abundant hair, lastly, the deep voice and slow way of speaking, all united to produce this effect. His 'good-evening' was addressed to all, but he walked up to Zelter first, and shook his hand cordially. Felix Mendelssohn looked up with sparkling eyes at the snow-white head of the poet. The latter, however, placed his hands kindly on the boy's head, and said, 'Now you shall play us something.' Zelter nodded his assent.

"The piano was opened, and lights arranged on the desk. Mendelssohn asked Zelter, to whom he displayed a thoroughly childish devotion and confidence, 'What shall I play?'

"'Well, what you can,' the latter replied, in his peculiarly sharp voice, 'whatever is not too difficult for you.'

"To me, who knew what the boy could do, and that no task was too difficult for him, this seemed an unjust depreciation of his faculties. It was at length arranged that he should play a fantasia, which he did to the wonder of all. But the young artist knew when to leave off, and thus the effect he produced was all the greater. A silence of surprise ensued when he raised his hands from the keys after a loud finale.

"Zelter was the first to intercept the silence in his humorous way, by saying aloud, 'Ha, you must have been dreaming of kobolds and dragons—why, that went over stick and stone!' At the same time there was a perfect indifference in his tone, as if there were nothing remarkable in the matter. Without doubt the teacher intended to prevent in this way the danger of a too brilliant triumph. The playing, however, as it could not well otherwise, aroused the highest admiration of all present, and Goethe, especially, was full of the warmest delight. He encouraged the lad, in whose childish features joy, pride, and confusion were at once depicted, by taking his head between his hands, patting him kindly, and saying, jestingly, 'But you will not get off with that. You must play more pieces before we recognize your merits.'

"'But what shall I play,' Felix asked, 'Herr professor?'—he was wont to address Zelter by this title—'what shall I play now?'

"I cannot say that I have properly retained the pieces the young virtuoso now performed, for they were numerous. I will, however, mention the most interesting.

\* Aus Meinem Leben. Von L. Rellstab. Vols. I. and II. Berlin: J. Guttentag.

"Goethe was a great admirer of Bach's fugues, which a musician of Berka, a little town about ten miles from Weimar, came to play to him repeatedly. Felix was, therefore, requested to play a fugue of the grand old master. Zelter selected it from the music-book, and the boy played it without any preparation, but with perfect certainty.

"Goethe's delight grew with the boy's extraordinary powers. Among other things, he requested him to play a minuet.

"'Shall I play you the loveliest in the whole world?' he asked, with sparkling eyes.

"'Well, and what is that?'

"He played the minuet from 'Don Giovanni.'

"Goethe stood by the instrument, listening, joy glistening on his features. He wished for the overture of the opera after the minuet; but this the player roundly declined, with the assertion that it could not be played as it was written, and nobody dared make any alteration in it. He, however, offered to play the overture to 'Figaro.' He commenced it with the lightness of touch—such certainty and clearness as I never heard again. At the same time, he gave the orchestral effects so magnificently, that the effect was extraordinary; and I can honestly state that it afforded me more gratification than ever an orchestral performance did. Goethe grew more and more cheerful and kind, and even played tricks with the talented lad.

"'Well, come,' he said; 'you have only played me pieces you know, but now we will see whether you can play something you do not know. I will put you on your trial.'

"We went out. We, especially I, as an old Berlin acquaintance, conversed with Felix Mendelssohn, and asked him to play this and the other. I cannot omit a little roguish trick he played. I asked him about a rondeau by Cramer, one of the best compositions of that master, and which I knew the boy must have learned. 'Yes,' he cried, quickly; 'Herr Berger plays that so beautifully.' At my request he begun to play it, though only experimentally. At one passage he struck a false note, but passed over it. I asked him, when he stopped, whether he had not made a mistake, it should have been '*cis*.' 'Yes,' he said, with a careless toss of his head, '*cis* or *c*; it can be either.' But he would not allow that he had made a mistake. Several years after we met at a concert in Berlin. We had not come together for a long time; spoke about this and that belonging to the past; and he himself referred to our meeting in Weimar. 'Do you re-

member our first evening at Goethe's, when I made the mistake in Cramer's rondeau, and you told me of it, and how I turned it off?' And he laughed heartily at this boyish scheme for concealing a mistake.

"Goethe re-entered the room in a few moments, and had a roll of music in his hand. 'I have fetched something from my MS. collection. Now we will try you. Do you think you can play this?'

"He laid a page, with clear but small notes, on the desk. It was Mozart's handwriting. Whether Goethe told us so, or it was written on the paper, I forget, and only remember that Felix glowed with delight at the name and an indescribable feeling came over us all, partly enthusiasm and joy, partly admiration and expectation. Goethe, the aged man, who lays a MS. of Mozart, who had been buried thirty years ago, before a lad so full of promise for the future, to play at sight—in truth such a constellation may be termed a rarity!

"The young artist played with the most perfect certainty, not making the slightest mistake, though the MS. was far from easy reading. The task was certainly not difficult, especially for Mendelssohn, as it was only an adagio; still there was a difficulty in doing it as the lad did, for he played it as if he had been practising it for years.

"Goethe adhered to his good-humored tone while all the rest applauded. 'That is nothing,' he said; 'others could read that too. But I will now give you something over which you will stick, so take care.'

"With these words he produced another paper, which he laid on the desk. This certainly looked very strange. It was difficult to say were they notes, or only a paper ruled and splashed with ink and blots. Felix Mendelssohn, in his surprise, laughed loudly. 'How is that written? Who can read it?' he said.

"But suddenly he became serious, for while Goethe was saying, 'Now guess who wrote it!' Zelter, who had walked up to the piano and looked over the boy's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Why, Beethoven wrote that! any one could see it a mile off. He always writes with a broomstick, and passes his sleeve over the notes before they are dry. I have plenty of his MSS.; they are easy to know.'

"At the mention of this name, as I remarked, Mendelssohn had suddenly grown serious—even more than serious. A shade of awe was visible on his features. Goethe regarded him with searching eyes, from which delight beamed. The boy kept his eyes immovably fixed on the MS., and a look of glad surprise flew over his features as he traced a brilliant thought amid the chaos of confused, blurred notes.

"But all this only lasted a few seconds, for Goethe wished to make a severe trial, and give the performer no time for preparation. 'You see,' he exclaimed, 'I told you that you would stick. Now try it; show us what you can do.'

"Felix began playing immediately. It was a simple melody; if clearly written a trifling, I may say no, task, for even a moderate performer. But to follow it through the scrambling labyrinth required a quickness and certainty of eye such as few are able to attain. I glanced with surprise at the leaf, and tried to hum the tune, but many of the notes were perfectly illegible, or had to be sought at the most unexpected corners, as the boy often pointed out with a laugh.

"He played it through once in this way, generally correctly, but stopping at times, and correcting several mistakes with a quick 'No, so;' then he exclaimed, 'Now I will play it to you.' And this second time not a note was missing. 'This is Beethoven, this passage,' he said once, turning to me, as if he had come across something which sharply displayed the master's peculiar style. 'That is true Beethoven. I recognized him in it at once.'

"With this trial-piece Goethe broke off. I need scarcely add, that the young player again reaped the fullest praise, which Goethe veiled in mocking jests, that he had stuck here and there, and had not been quite sure. As for the rest of the evening, I cannot re-

member what took place. Felix Mendelssohn certainly played several pieces: once he accompanied Frau von Goethe's singing, and it was proposed that a four-hand piece should be played; but none of the company would agree to this, in the certainty that, by the side of the boy's all-conquering talent, nothing was to be gained save humiliation for the pretentious attempt.

"At a later day Goethe arranged several more social meetings, to which he invited his Weimar friends, that they might enjoy the lad's wonderful performance. The aged poet prophesied the greatest future for the marvellous boy. He spoke with full warm conviction about it to me, and his true artistic delight at this promising appearance ever broke out at fresh intervals. The boy had decidedly become a favorite of his.

"But he was the favorite, as well, of the whole house. The ladies were continually teasing him, and often when he had just been seated at the instrument, and played the most magnificent compositions, he would spring up and chase the girls about the room. Once he teased a maid of honor with a pair of bellows he had found in a corner, and blew the powder out of her hair. But no one could be angry with him."

In the belief that this interesting episode will draw our readers' attention to the book from which we quote it, we shall leave it for the present, speedily, we hope, to return to it.

Crossing the Atlantic we see already in full fermentation elements of perplexity and complication which may well alarm us. If the United States, as some among them menace and some dread, should split up into two or three distinct confederations, our relations with them may perhaps not in the end be more troublesome and vexations than they have often been before, but they will require to be reconstructed on a somewhat different footing; and the first steps at reconstruction will be very thorny and not wholly free from danger. The Southern States, arguing from the fact that England is their chief customer, conceive that she will be their readiest and most cordial ally. But they forget two considerations, with respect to which we shall have to give them, perhaps painful, and certainly unwelcome, reminders. The North is our market as we are the market of the South; and we shall be as little disposed to offend the one as the other: our connection with the two is almost equally close

and equally essential, and assuredly we shall keep aloof from their strife, however it may end. Then the first step of the seceding South will apparently be to re-open the African slave trade, and the second to seize on Cuba; and the one would certainly bring them into immediate, and the second probably into ultimate, collision with the British nation. The Northern States, too, when once separated, and cleansed from the temptations and the stain of slavery, might endeavor to compensate for loss in one direction by annexation in another. They have already cast a longing glance at Canada, and given forth audible mutterings of illegitimate desires;—and though assuredly we should not go to war to prevent the voluntary absorption of British North America with the Federal Republic, yet as certainly we should resist by force and to the death any attempt to put in action the filibustering tricks which were tried against Cuba, Mexico, and Nicaragua.—*Economist*, 29 Dec.



## FIRST BORN.

THE wild March wind comes sighing up the river,

And all the hills around are white with snow :  
Dark, save one beacon-light that trembleth ever  
On the tossed flood that swells and heaves below.  
Within, one close by the low cradle leaning,  
Sits moaning heavily upon the floor ;  
One bows his head on his strong arms, as caring,  
Never on this changed world to lift it more.

Rachels and Ramas and a wailing Egypt,  
'Tis the old story of the long ago,  
The little life just trembling in the balance,  
The waiting angel, and the mother's woe ;  
Six thousand years that cry has been repeated,  
And its eternal youth is ever new,  
And shall be, till the heavenly choir completed,  
The last white wing shall sweep the portals  
through.

Spared the long journey through the desert  
weary,

Spared the long anguish of hope's dying day ;  
The fair white brow that never shame o'ershad-  
owed,

The little feet that never went astray ;  
Folded and safe, within their Father's dwelling,  
Heirs to the crown and palm they never won ;  
O waiting angel ! ere our hearts shall falter,  
Take thou the child ! O God, thy will be done !

—N.Y. Observer.

H. G. P.

## TRANSPLANTED.

WHEN last I saw her, all cold and white,  
On her maiden bed extended,  
It seemed to me that with the light  
Of her life my own was ended.

It seemed to me that I *could* not bear  
The burden of life without her ;  
To see the sunshine, to feel the air  
That could never more play about her—

Lovingly play round her lovely head,  
Giving fond and playful kisses,  
Making the rose on her cheek more red,  
Stirring her sun-gilt tresses.

I felt as though I could never bear  
The ceaseless pain and pressure  
Of endless days, when she might not share  
One sorrow of mine, or pleasure.

Stark and pallid and cold she lay,  
Not *she*—the soul-warmed woman—  
But the dreadful frigid image of clay  
That with her had nothing in common.

Among the flowers about the bier  
I noted a large-eyed blossom,  
That looked at me through a dewy tear  
As it lay on her lifeless bosom.

A large white daisy. I kissed its face,  
In her cold dead hand I laid it,  
And I bid it nevermore leave that place,  
Though the breath of the grave should fade it.

I fancied that she would feel it there,  
And that when she was in heaven,  
She would send me a sign that the bond which  
here

So bound us should not be riven.

Perhaps a childish and wild belief ;  
But when in some hopeless sorrow  
That rejects all thought of a common relief,  
The heart is fain to borrow

From the realms of fancy some hope, some  
dream,

It may be some superstition,  
That, however childish or wild, will seem  
Like a real Heaven-sent vision.

And so with me. When the friendly night  
O'er my sleepless pillow lingers,  
Yon star, I think, is the daisy white  
I placed in her lifeless fingers.

—All the Year Round.

## OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

LIKE dreary prison walls  
The stern gray mountains rise,  
Until their topmost crags  
Touch the far gloomy skies :  
One steep and narrow path  
Winds up the mountain's crest,  
And from our valley leads  
Out to the golden west.

I dwell here in content,  
Thankful for tranquil days ;  
And yet, my eyes grow dim,  
As still I gaze and gaze  
Upon that mountain pass,  
That leads—or so it seems—  
To some far happy land,  
Known in a world of dreams.

And as I watch that path  
Over the distant hill,  
A foolish longing comes  
My heart and soul to fill,  
A painful, strange desire  
To break some weary bond ;  
A vague, unuttered wish  
For what might lie beyond !

In that far world unknown,  
Over that distant hill,  
May dwell the loved and lost,  
Lost—yet beloved still ;  
I have a yearning hope,  
Half longing, and half pain,  
That by that mountain pass  
They may return again.

Space may keep friends apart,  
Death has a mighty thrall ;  
There is another gulf  
Harder to cross than all ;  
Yet watching that far road,  
My heart beats full and fast—  
If they should come once more,  
If they should come at last !

See, down the mountain side  
The silver vapors creep ;  
They hide the rocky cliffs,  
They hide the craggy steep,  
They hide the narrow path  
That comes across the hill—  
O foolish longing, cease,  
O beating heart, be still !

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.